PIONEER HISTORY STORIES

PIONEERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

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Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley

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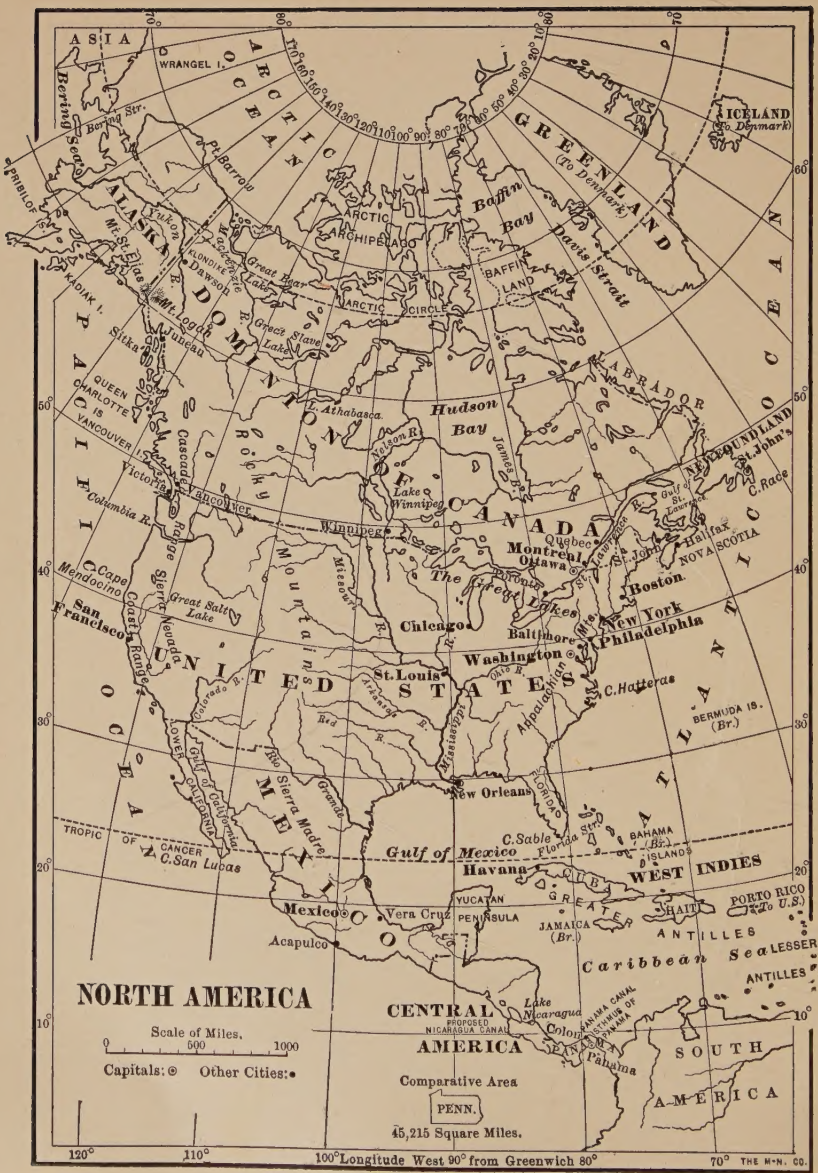
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ASIA
ARCTIC OCEAN
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
GREENLAND (To Denmark)
ICELAND (To Denmark)
ALASKA
DOMINION OF CANADA
UNITED STATES
MEXICO
WEST INDIES
Gulf of Mexico
Caribbean Sea
Hudson Bay
Baffin Bay
Davis Strait
Behring Sea
Behring Str.
WRANGEL I.
PRIBILOF Is.
KADIAK I.
Pt. Barrow
Yukon R.
Mt. St. Elias
Mt. Logan
Sitka
Juneau
Dawson
Klondike R.
Great Bear Lake
Great Slave Lake
ARCTIC CIRCLE
ARCTIC ARCHIPELAGO
BAFFIN LAND
LABRADOR
NEWFOUNDLAND
St. John's
C. Race
Gulf of St. Lawrence
QUEEN CHARLOTTE Is.
VANCOUVER I.
Victoria
Vancouver
Columbia R.
Cascade Range
Rocky Mountains
L. Athabasca
Nelson R.
Lake Winnipeg
Winnipeg
James Bay
Quebec
Montreal
Ottawa
St. John
Halifax
NOVA SCOTIA
Boston
New York
Philadelphia
Baltimore
Washington
Chicago
The Great Lakes
Mississippi R.
Missouri R.
Ohio R.
Appalachian Mts.
St. Louis
C. Hatteras
BERMUDA IS. (Br.)
Cape Mendocino
San Francisco
Coast Ranges
Sierra Nevada
Great Salt Lake
Colorado R.
Arkansas R.
Red R.
LOWER CALIFORNIA
Gulf of California
Rio Grande
Sierra Madre
New Orleans
FLORIDA
Florida Str.
C. Sable
BAHAMA (Br.) ISLANDS
TROPIC OF CANCER
C. San Lucas
Havana
YUCATAN PENINSULA
GREATER ANTILLES
HAITI
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JAMAICA (Br.)
LESSER ANTILLES
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Vera Cruz
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PANAMA CANAL
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120°
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90° from Greenwich
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PIONEER HISTORY STORIES

SECOND BOOK

Pioneers of the Mississippi Valley

BY

CHARLES A. McMURRY, PH.D.

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PREFACE

The early history stories of the Mississippi Valley are proving more and more acceptable to teachers and children in intermediate grades. The present volume of Pioneer Stories was first published in 1891, and after many editions has been revised a second time, and now takes its place as the second of a series of three volumes of American History Stories.

Volume I, "Pioneers on Land and Sea," deals with stories of the Atlantic coast and of ocean explorers. The third volume deals with early explorers of the Rocky Mountain states.

In the "Special Method in History" a full discussion is given of the value of these stories and of the method of treating them, illustrated in detail by the story of George Rogers Clark.

The material from Roosevelt's "The Winning of the West" and from Parkman's "La Salle, or The Discovery of the Great West" is used through the courtesy of the authors.

The view of Governor Sevier's Later Home on the Nolichucky River was taken from a photograph in the Fay collection of De Kalb, Illinois.

De Kalb, Illinois,
September 28, 1903.

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INTRODUCTION

The Pioneer History Stories of the Mississippi Valley are designed to introduce children of the fourth and fifth grades to that part of our national life which makes the strongest appeal to children's minds and which lies nearest to their own homes. There is no part of the United States where the problems of popular education are more vigorously and seriously grappled with than in the Mississippi Valley. A liberal and progressive spirit calls for the selection of the best materials that can be put into our course of study. Without undervaluing our debt of gratitude to New England, Virginia, and other eastern states, we may find heroic men and deeds indigenous to the soil of western states which best answer the aims of early history instruction.

In arranging a course of study in history for western schools, we must settle three or four important questions:

1. At what age should children begin American history?

2. What portion of our annals is best suited to beginners?

3. Should the early history of the home state and of adjoining states be used first?

4. What is the quality of our western stories as compared with those of the East?

To these questions the author ventures to suggest the following answers: —

1. Children should begin history as soon as they take a strong and intelligent interest in its simpler phases. Till of late, American history was not taught below the upper grammar grade. But now there is a strong tendency to use biographical stories in intermediate grades. This, we believe, is a correct instinct. Some of the chief lessons of history can be better taught in the intermediate grades than anywhere else. The moral effect of heroic stories seems deeper at this point than at any other time of child life. There appears to be in early history stories an element of peculiar fitness for the minds of children at the age of ten or eleven.

2. What portion of our history is best suited to beginners? We think that simple, thrilling biographies of early pioneer life are best calculated to awaken the interest of younger children. They are plain and primitive and withal so energetic and spirited that they correspond to a child's physical and mental moods. Their heroism brings out those marks of prowess and courage which children so much admire. They are, in the main, free

from the complexities and entanglements of great wars and of later political and social institutions. The elements of personal character find for children a clear and full expression. The simple experiences of pioneer struggle and danger make an indelible mark upon them.

3. Shall we begin with the pioneer biographies of the home state and of the neighboring states? It has been customary to begin with Columbus, with the Plymouth settlers, and with John Smith. Is it not better for children whose homes are between the Great Lakes and the Gulf of Mexico to hear first the thrilling stories of pioneer exploration in the Mississippi Valley? The stories of eastern settlement and adventure will be the better appreciated when we come to them later in the fifth grade. Stories of eastern states furnish a starting-point in history for eastern children, of western states for children of the West. Within the boundaries of pioneer life, a western story gives as good a starting-point as an eastern one. For all these stories breathe the same spirit of adventure, of exploration, and of difficult enterprise in a frontier region. In intermediate grades we aim not at systematic history or chronology. But we wish to gain vivid impressions from men of simple, strong, and sterling character, as expressed by their deeds.

We feel disposed, then, to set up the *home state* as a starting-point and to move outward from this centre.

Other things being equal, we should first select the stories connected with our own state. For the children of Kentucky, the story of Boone would come first; for the children of Minnesota, the narrative of Hennepin's adventures. We see no good reason why the teachers of each state should not make the stories bearing on that region a starting-point in history, and then move outward into the great valley. We can afford to cultivate the love of country upon local soil. History will seem more real and tangible if it first deals with the stream that flows through our own state, perhaps past our own city.

4. How do the western stories compare in quality with those of the East? To decide this point we must read the stories of the West and make an honest comparison. In the history of early exploration and settlement of North America, some of the leading names belong to the Mississippi Valley. La Salle, De Soto, Clark, Lincoln, and Boone, in character and achievement stand second to few in all our history. Individual energy, perseverance, and courage have seldom found more striking examples than among the pioneers of the vast forests, prairies, and rivers of the West. They were of the self-same material as the men of the East who opened up Virginia, New England, and Canada. Indeed, men like Boone, Clark, Lincoln, and Fremont are more purely American than the early pioneers of the Atlantic sea-

board, who were fresh from Europe. But the French explorers from the Northeast and the Spaniards from the South give variety and scope to the stories of the Mississippi Valley. The western stories have all the flavor of personal narrative and adventure, and yet they present representative men who were dealing with the chief problems of settlement vital to the interests of Europe and America. They introduce in dramatic form, suited to the young, some of the most important phases of our early history. Many a vivid picture of primitive Indian life is portrayed. After some years of experience with children in the use of these western stories, we are convinced that they awaken a natural and lasting interest. In fact we are inclined to believe that no part of the United States and no country in the world has a richer pioneer history than the states of the central basin. The materials, also, from which these stories are drawn are supplied by some of the most interesting and reliable of our historians, as Bancroft, Parkman, and Roosevelt.

We believe that this pioneer epoch is the delightful gateway through which the children of our common schools are to find entrance to the fields of American *history*. These stories not only interest and instruct children and strengthen their moral fibre, but they are an excellent vantage-ground from which to advance into history, geography, and natural science.

As representative men, the pioneers settled some important disputes and laid the groundwork for later growth. They give unmistakable proof of the quality and strength of the materials that went into the first framework of our western states. There is scarcely a better way to begin history than with the simple rudiments from which our later social and political fabric has grown, especially when spirited, heroic biography is the medium through which these elements are brought home to the hearts and sympathies of children.

The regular *geography* of the fourth grade goes hand in hand with these histories. Considerable geography is indeed necessary to a just appreciation of the stories. There is not a single state of the Mississippi Valley or of the lake region to which these narratives do not lend decided interest. There is scarcely an important river in this whole vast region whose banks did not witness some of these exploits. The highest ridges of both the Alleghanies and the Rockies were climbed by the pioneers. From the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the mountains of the East to those of the West, these hardy explorers and settlers have lent the charm of early exploits and discovery to nearly every part of this broad realm. The romance of history is in its earliest annals. Geography, like history, should be, to a large extent, a movement from home outwards. The two studies, therefore, move

together and strengthen each other. In the "Special Method in Geography" the treatment of topics in the Mississippi Valley parallel to the history in fourth or fifth grades is fully explained.

Again, the history and biography of this great region suggest many an interesting topic in *natural science.* The varied vegetable and animal products; the geology of springs, soils, rivers, and mountains; the seasons and winds; the instruments and machinery of men in surveying, cultivating, and bringing to light the agricultural, mineral, and commercial riches of this fruitful land, — all these suggest important topics which should be treated in science lessons parallel to the history and geography.

The pioneer stories bear an important relation to the *literature* also of the preceding and following grades. In the "Special Method in History" we have suggested that these stories of heroism in America follow, in natural sequence, the mythical and heroic tales of Greece, Italy, Germany, and England. The stories of heroism, whether in Europe or America, are intended as an introduction to the reading of that body of myth, prose narrative, ballad, epic, or historic poem, which the experience of the world has shown to be classic. The pioneer stories of the West allow, therefore, a strong organization of important studies. They may be deeply bedded in a school course whose parts are closely linked together.

PIONEERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

CHAPTER I

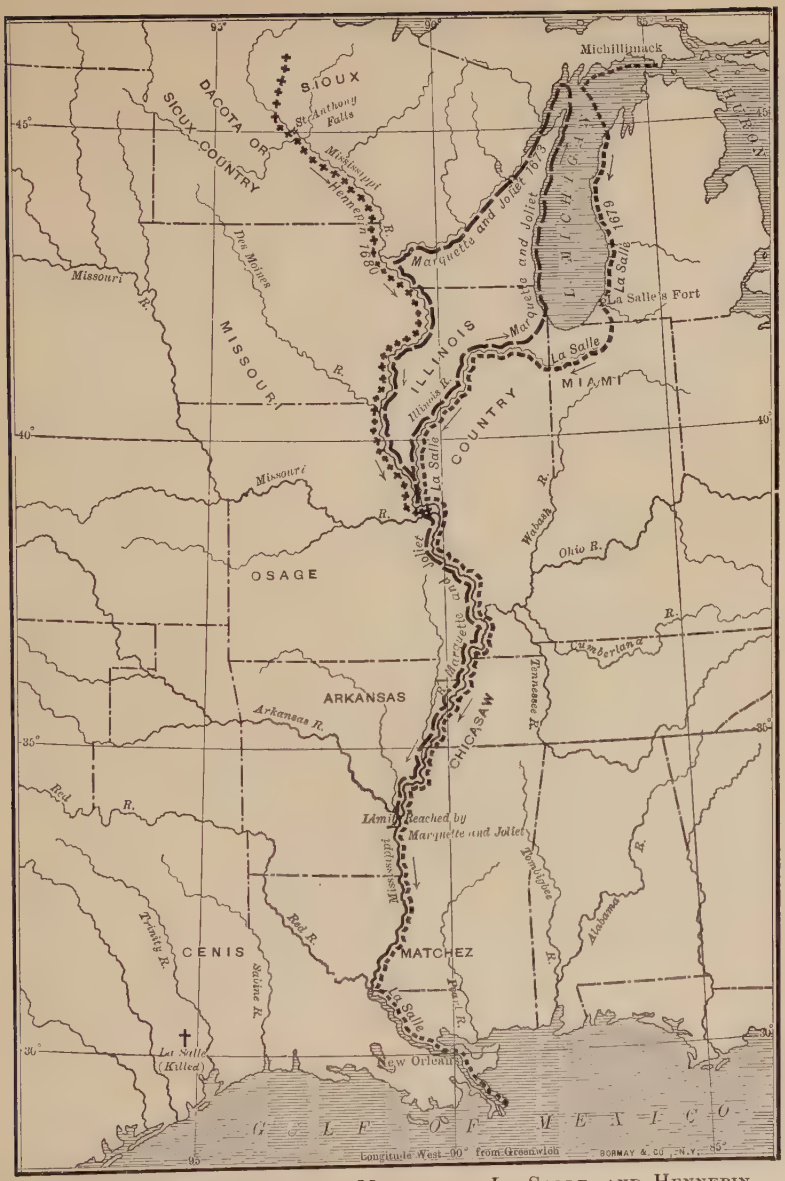
EXPLORATIONS OF JOLIET AND MARQUETTE[1]

JOLIET was a fur-trader who was sent by the governor of Canada in 1673 to explore the Mississippi River. The French traders and missionaries had heard of a great river westward from Lake Michigan, but none of them had seen it. Joliet went up the St. Lawrence and the Lakes till he reached Point St. Ignace, on the north side of the Strait of Mackinac. Here Marquette, a Jesuit missionary, was waiting to join him. Marquette had been living at the strait two years, preaching to some Huron and Ottawa Indians who lived there. He was at this time thirty-five years old and had learned to speak six different languages. He had a mission house, a chapel, and a palisade around both. Near by were the Indian villages of bark huts. The fur-traders who roamed the woods for skins and furs often met here to barter with the Indians.

[1] Authority: Parkman's "La Salle."

Joliet and Marquette selected five men to go with them, and fitted up two birch-bark canoes, putting in a supply of smoked meat and Indian corn. Having found out from the Indians the best route, they started on the 17th of May. Paddling the canoes, they kept along the northern shore, landing each evening to camp and to build a fire in the edge of the forest. Having reached the Menominee River, they went up the stream to a village of the Menominee, or Wild-rice Indians. These Indians, on hearing that they wanted to go in search of the great river, tried to discourage them, saying that the tribes on the river were savage and would kill them, that there was a monster in the stream that would swallow up their boat and men, and that the river became hot to the south. The travellers did not listen to these stories, but went on to Green Bay, where they found a mission, and then entered Fox River. It was hard work to drag the boats up the long rapids, but at last they reached Lake Winnebago and then the river to the west. The river wound its way among swamps of wild rice upon which many water-fowl were

A French Missionary



EXPLORATIONS OF JOLIET AND MARQUETTE, LA SALLE, AND HENNEPIN

feeding. They reached an Indian town built upon a high hill with many prairies and woods in sight. Marquette was delighted to find a cross standing in the middle of the place, "decorated with a number of dressed deerskins, red girdles, and bows and arrows, which they had hung upon it as an offering to the great Manitou of the French."

Calling a council of the Indian chiefs, the explorers asked for guides to the Mississippi. The Indians gave them two guides and when they were ready to go, all the people came down to the shore to see them depart. The guides pointed out the way through winding currents and swamps of wild rice, till they reached the portage. Carrying their canoes a mile and a half across the prairie and marshes, they launched them in the Wisconsin and began the voyage into an unknown world. Perhaps they would reach the Pacific Ocean, or the Gulf of Mexico, or California. They glided down the valley of the Wisconsin, viewing the islands, forests, and bluffs. Landing in the evening, they usually kindled a fire, turned the boats upside down, roasted their meat before the fire, and after smoking their pipes, lay down to rest upon skins and blankets.

About the middle of June the voyagers were filled with joy by the sight of the current of the Mississippi, into which they steered their little boats. Floating down the

Mississippi, they were surprised at a huge catfish dashing against the side of the boat, and were reminded of the

THE VOYAGERS — JOLIET AND MARQUETTE

Indian story of the monster. Drawing in their fish-net one day, they saw in it a strange kind of fish now called

the spade-fish. Later on they saw great herds of buffalo, with their shaggy manes, grazing on the wide prairies. Fearing they might meet savage tribes, they no longer landed at night, but anchored their boat in the river and chose one to guard while the others slept. For two weeks they had met no one and had seen no signs of Indians.

One day the explorers saw footprints in the mud on the western bank and a path leading up to the prairies. Joliet and Marquette decided to follow this path, leaving the five men to guard the boats. It was a pleasant day, and the two men followed the path for several miles across the prairies and through the woods till they came in sight of a village on the bank of a river. They were not seen, though they could hear the voices of the Indians talking in the village. Standing out in full view, they shouted to make the Indians look at them, and great was the stir in the village when the Indians began to crowd out to see the strangers. Four chief men soon came forward, holding the peace-pipe decorated with feathers. The Frenchmen were pleased to see the Indians wearing articles of French cloth, and thought they must be friendly. Being asked who they were, the Indians replied they were the Illinois, and offered the peace-pipe. After smoking, all entered the village together. Here the chief did the visitors honor in a strange manner. Standing naked in his

tent door, he raised both hands to shield his eyes, and said: "Frenchmen, how bright the sun shines when you come to visit us! All our village awaits you and you shall enter our wigwams in peace." They were then led into the smoky wigwam, crowded with Indians, who stared at them in silence. Having smoked with the chiefs and old men, they were invited to visit the great chief of all the Illinois, at one of the villages they had seen in the distance. They went, followed by a throng of warriors, squaws, and children. On arriving there, they were forced to smoke again and to listen to a speech of welcome from the great chief, who delivered it standing between two old men, naked like himself. Marquette, who could speak in the Indian language, first said that he had come to them as a messenger from God, whom they ought to obey, then told them of Frontenac, the governor of Canada, and asked them about the Mississippi River and the tribes along its banks. The chief replied, saying, they were welcome, "that their presence added flavor to his tobacco, made the river more calm, and the sky more blue, and the earth more beautiful." Then he gave them a slave and asked them not to go down the Mississippi.

A feast of four courses now followed. First a wooden bowl full of a porridge of Indian meal, boiled with grease, was set before the guests, and an Indian fed them like little children, with a large spoon. Then came a platter

of fish, and the same man carefully removed the bones with his fingers, and, blowing on the morsels to cool them, placed them in the mouths of the two Frenchmen. A large dog, killed and cooked for the occasion, was next placed before them. But their appetites were not strong enough for this and soon it was removed for a dish of fat buffalo meat, which ended the feast. The crowd having scattered, buffalo robes were spread on the ground, and the Frenchmen slept there for the night. In the morning the chief, with six hundred of his tribe, led them to their canoes and bade them a friendly farewell.

Drifting slowly down the great river, they passed the mouth of the Illinois River, and saw farther down the line of rocks called by some the ruined castles. Below this they saw, on the flat surface of a high rock, two painted figures, a pair of monsters, each "as large as a calf, with horns like a deer, red eyes, beard like a tiger, and a frightful expression of countenance. The face is something like that of a man, the body is covered with scales; the tail so long that it passes entirely round the body over the head and between the legs, ending like that of a fish." The Frenchmen were frightened at first by these pictures of the painted Indian god, or manitou.

Suddenly they were astonished by a swift current of muddy water rushing into the Mississippi from the west. It is the Missouri, which rolls into the Mississippi, car-

rying logs, branches, and muddy water. Their light canoes were whirled around like leaves in the current. At first they were frightened, but kept down the river without further danger. After passing the mouth of the Ohio, or Beautiful River, the banks were low and covered with a great growth of tall cane. The weather was very hot and the mosquitoes tormented them night and day. Seeing some Indians on the shore, they were much frightened, but held out the peace-pipe, which the Indians gladly saw and then invited them to land. "They were acquainted with white people, for they were armed with guns, knives, and hatchets, wore garments of cloth, and carried their gunpowder in small bottles of thick glass. The Indians feasted the Frenchmen with buffalo meat, bear's oil, and white plums," and told them falsely that they could reach the mouth of the river in ten days.

Passing on down the river three hundred miles farther, the voyagers neared the mouth of the Arkansas, and saw a cluster of wigwams on the west shore. The Indians, on seeing them, yelled the war-whoop, and snatching their weapons, ran to the shore to meet the strangers, who felt themselves in great danger. Several large canoes, filled with savages, put out from the shore, above and below them, and a swarm of young warriors waded into the water to attack them. But the current was too deep and one of them threw his war-club, which passed over the

heads of the Frenchmen. Marquette held up the peace-pipe, but the savages, paying no heed to it, strung their bows and aimed their arrows. But now the elders of the village came down, called back the young men, and seeing the peace-pipe, invited the Frenchmen to land. They did so with trembling and were better treated than they expected. After a feast of mush and fish, the Frenchmen, in much fear, spent the night in the Indian lodges. The next day, several miles lower down, they visited the village of the Indian chief. Before his lodge was a sort of platform, and the ground in front of it was covered with rush mats for the strangers. The men were naked and wore strings of beads in their noses and ears. There was in the village a young Indian who could talk the Illinois language. Through him Marquette talked with the chief and gave presents to the Indians, who feasted the Frenchmen in return. While the speeches were going on, the Indians kept bringing food, — mush, boiled corn, and sometimes a roasted dog. The Indians had large earthen pots and platters made by themselves with tolerable skill, as well as hatchets, knives, and beads bought from the French and Spanish traders. All day they kept up the feast. The Indians said that the lower Mississippi was lined with hostile Indians who were armed with guns obtained from the white men, and that they were so much afraid of these savages that they dared not hunt the

buffalo, but lived on corn, of which they raised three crops a year.

The Frenchmen now took counsel as to what was best to be done. They feared the Indians and Spaniards, and though they would gladly have seen the mouth of the river, they were sure it flows into the Gulf of Mexico, and this was a most important discovery. Having decided, therefore, to return up the Mississippi, they left the Indian village near the mouth of the Arkansas and started homeward the 17th of July. It was a hard trip, against the strong current of the great river, in the heat of summer. Rowing all day and camping at night in the damp, unhealthful vapors, Marquette was taken sick, and suffered all the long, toilsome journey with languor and weakness. When at last the Frenchmen came to the mouth of the Illinois, they turned their boats up this river and enjoyed its forests, prairies, and gentle current. They stopped at an Indian village of seventy lodges, each of which had several fires and families of the Illinois tribe. A young chief offered to guide them to Lake Michigan. After a weary journey, carrying their canoes part of the way, they reached the lake and rowed northward along its shores. It was September when they reached the station at Green Bay. They had been absent four months and had travelled more than twenty-five hundred miles.

Marquette stayed at the mission at Green Bay, as he was not strong enough to go farther. Joliet resolved to carry the maps, papers, and news of their voyage of discovery to Frontenac, governor of Canada, at Quebec. He travelled in a canoe down the Lakes, past Detroit and Niagara, till he came to the St. Lawrence. He had been very fortunate thus far; but at the foot of the rapids of La Chine, just above Montreal, his canoe was upset, two of his men and an Indian boy were drowned, all his papers were lost, and Joliet barely escaped with his life. But he was thankful for life and was able to make a report of their voyage to the governor. In a letter to the governor he says: "I had escaped every peril from the Indians; I had passed forty-two rapids, and was on the point of disembarking, full of joy at the success of so long and difficult an enterprise, — when my canoe capsized after all the danger seemed over. I lost two men and my box of papers, within sight of the first French settlements, which I had left almost two years before."

Marquette's health was so poor that he stayed during the winter and next summer at the mission at Green Bay. He desired greatly to return to the Illinois Indians to preach among them and establish a Christian mission. In October of the next year he set out with two French companions in a boat on his journey to the

Illinois. Two bands of Pottawatomies and of Illinois Indians joined them, making in all ten canoes. The weather was so stormy that it took them a month to follow the coast of Lake Michigan as far as the Chicago River. They went up this river a few miles, when Marquette was taken sick again with bleeding at the lungs. He told his companions that this would be his last journey. It being impossible for Marquette to travel farther, his two companions built a log hut near the bank, and here they spent the winter. There was plenty of game, and the men brought in venison, buffalo, and turkey. Marquette spent his time in prayers and religious devotions, and was so much recovered that in March they set out for the Illinois tribes on the Illinois River. The canoe was carried through mud and water to the Des Plaines, and floating down this, they reached the Illinois. On its bank, not far from the present town of Ottawa, was a large Indian village.

Marquette had been among these people before and was received by them with great joy. He passed from wigwam to wigwam, preaching among them, and then invited them all to a council. "It took place near the town, on the great meadow which lies between the river and the modern village of Utica. Here five hundred old men and chiefs were seated in a ring. Behind stood fif-

teen hundred young men and warriors, and behind these again all the women and children of the village." After he had preached to them and they had received his word with kindness, they begged him to stay among them to teach them; but his life was fast ebbing away and he must depart. He hoped to reach Mackinac before his death.

With his two companions he set out again and reached Lake Michigan, escorted thus far by the grateful Indians. Then the two Frenchmen rowed slowly northward along the eastern shore, while Marquette lay weak and sick in the boat. He was cheerful and happy, though he felt that his last hour was approaching. As they passed the mouth of a small river, Marquette asked his companions to land and there they built a bark hut for the sick man. He gave directions for his burial, asked forgiveness for all the trouble he had caused them, and thanked God that he had been allowed to die in the wilderness as a missionary of the faith. That night he quietly passed away. His companions then carried the report of his death to Mackinac.

The next winter a party of Ottawa Indians, after a hunting trip along Lake Michigan, remembered Marquette. They found his grave, took up his bones, and put them carefully into a box of birch bark. "Then in a procession of thirty canoes they bore it, singing funeral

songs, to St. Ignace, at Mackinac. As they approached, priests, Indians, and traders all thronged to the shore. The relics of Marquette were received with solemn ceremony and buried beneath the floor of the little chapel of the mission."

CHAPTER II

LA SALLE ON THE UPPER LAKES AND IN ILLINOIS[1]

La Salle came from France, in 1666, when he was twenty-three years old. After stopping a short time at Montreal, he obtained a grant of land at a place now called La Chine, located on the banks of the St. Lawrence, about eight miles above Montreal. He and the other settlers had to clear away the woods, parcel out the land, and build houses and a stockade. It was a dangerous place, exposed to the attacks of the Iroquois Indians, but it was a good place for the fur trade. La Salle built a palisaded village from which he could overlook the broad Lake of St. Louis, into which the St. Lawrence widens at this place. To each settler he gave within the enclosure one-third of an acre of land, for which a small rental was to be paid yearly. Outside of the palisade each settler was given a larger portion, and there was also a common farm from which all who cared to cultivate more land could rent it. For himself he kept a large tract which he at once began to improve by clearing away the forests and putting up buildings. Indians

[1] Authority: Parkman's "La Salle."

often visited his settlement. At one time a band of Seneca Iroquois, the old enemy of France, now seemingly friendly under a treaty of peace, came to spend the winter with him. They told him of the Ohio and Mississippi,

Robert Chevalier de la Salle

great rivers to the westward. La Salle soon began to think of plans of western discovery and of a road to the riches of India, for it was thought that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of California. He began to study

the Indian languages, and at the end of two years had learned the Iroquois and several other Indian tongues.

La Salle's first voyage was made with four canoes, supplies, and fourteen men, to the head of the Ohio River, which he explored as far as the falls. In 1673 Frontenac, the governor of Canada, and La Salle planned an expedition to found a fort at the foot of Lake Ontario, where the city of Kingston now stands. This fort was built after the French had made a treaty with the Indians, and was named Frontenac.

La Salle now returned to France and obtained from the king the right to own and govern this fort and the surrounding country under the control of the governor, Frontenac. He had also, upon his return to America, a chance to grow rich by trading in furs at Fort Frontenac. For two years La Salle reigned like a king in the frontier wilderness. He took down the wooden fort and built one much larger of stone, containing a row of barracks for soldiers, a guard house, a lodging for officers, a blacksmith's shop or forge, a well, a mill, and a bakery. Nine small cannon were placed on the walls and all together there were about a dozen soldiers, besides some forty laborers, masons, and skilful canoe-men. On the shore to the south of the fort was a village of French families who had cleared a hundred acres of land for agriculture.

Cattle, fowl, and swine had been brought here up the St. Lawrence.

But La Salle was not satisfied with making money at the fur trade while living at Frontenac. His mind was full of thoughts of western discovery. He returned again to France, and got the king's permission to explore the lakes and rivers to the west, to build forts, and to carry on the trade in beaver and buffalo skins. On his return

Chateau St. Louis, Quebec, 1694

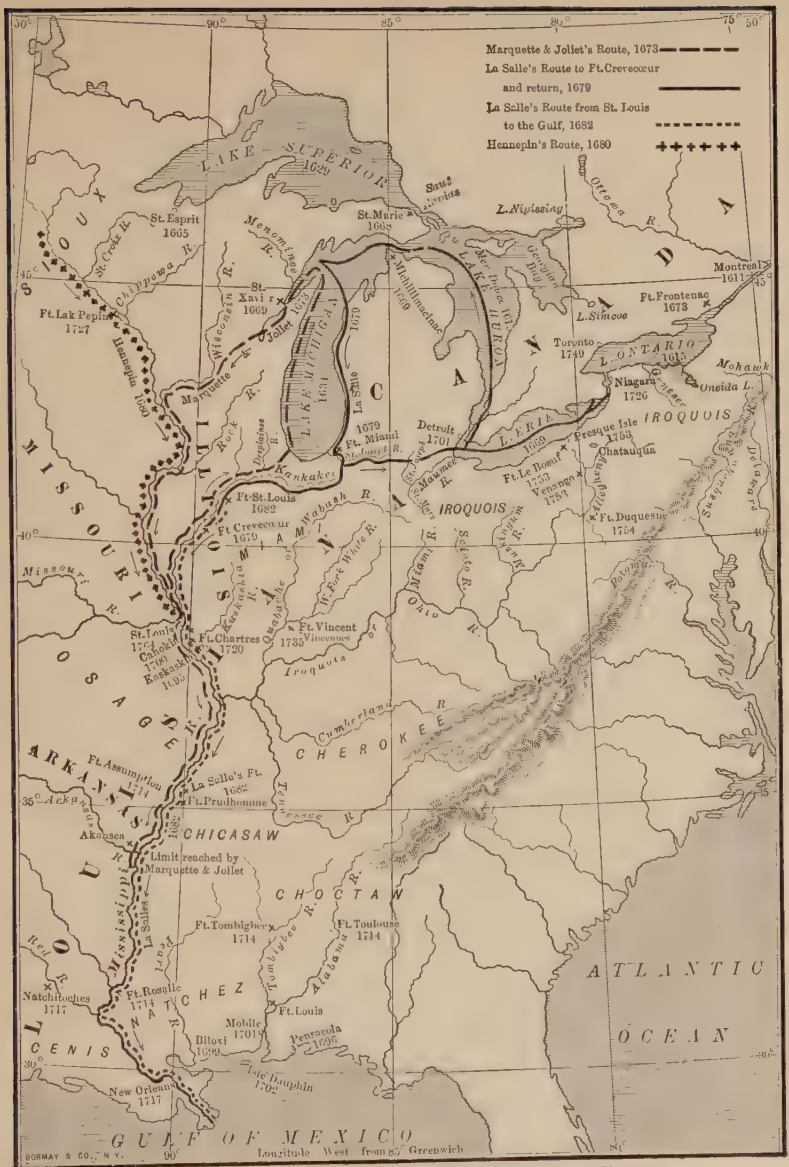
he brought with him Tonty, an Italian, who proved a great helper. Tonty had lost one of his hands in the wars in Sicily. It had been replaced with one of metal, which was usually covered with a glove. He was strong, brave, and honest, and proved of great service to La Salle.

From France La Salle brought also about thirty men, — sailors, carpenters, and laborers, — an abundant supply of tools, anchors, cables, and rigging, and merchandise for trade with the Indians. At Quebec he was joined by Father Hennepin, who carried with him a portable altar,

which in time of need he could strap upon his back like a knapsack.

In November the party reached Fort Frontenac, and La Salle at once sent fifteen men in canoes to Lake Michigan and the Illinois to open trade with the Indians and collect a store of food. He also sent his friend, La Motte, and Hennepin, with sixteen men, to the mouth of the Niagara River, where he intended to build a palisaded fort. He followed soon after, with Tonty and supplies, but the voyage was stormy and dangerous and it was after Christmas when he reached Niagara. The pilot, disobeying his orders, wrecked the ship when near her destination. The provisions and merchandise were lost but the crew saved the anchors and cables, which La Salle was bringing for a ship he intended to build above the falls. This loss disturbed him greatly and would, as Hennepin says, "have made anybody but him give up the enterprise."

The Seneca Indians, who dwelt near, seemed much displeased with the plans of the French but La Salle persuaded them to remain friendly. They refused, however, to let him build a fort and he had to content himself with a strong warehouse. After the warehouse was finished, the plan of building a vessel on the Niagara River above the falls was carried out. With this vessel he intended to sail upon Lake Erie and the upper lakes.



ROUTES OF FRENCH EXPLORERS AND FRENCH POSTS

The vessel in which Hennepin and others had come from Frontenac was unloaded, and the tools, forge, and cordage were carried twelve miles over high hills and along the banks past Niagara, to a point six miles above the falls. Wading through the cold and snow, the men got all the supplies above the falls by the end of January. Hennepin plodded through the drifts with his portable altar lashed to his back. Having found a good creek six miles above Niagara, they cleared the ground for building the new ship. Trees were cut down and the master carpenter set his ship-builders at work. Two Mohegan hunters, who were with the party, built wigwams of bark to shelter the men. It was the hunting season of the Iroquois and most of the warriors were gone, but enough were left to cause much uneasiness. They loitered about where the men were working and seemed much displeased with their plans. The work went on rapidly, and when the Indian visitors saw the great ribs of the wooden monster they were still more angry, and threatened to burn it. The men were soon out of food and grew quite discontented. The Senecas refused to let them have any corn, but the Mohegan hunters brought in deer and other game and thus relieved their wants for a time.

While the vessel was building, La Salle returned on foot to Fort Frontenac, a distance of 250 miles, for supplies. Two men went with him and a dog dragged

his baggage on a sledge. They walked through the snowy forests, the home of the Iroquois, and over the ice of Lake Ontario. "For food, they had only a bag of parched corn, which failed them two days before they reached the fort, and they made the rest of the journey fasting." It was August before La Salle could return. During his absence his enemies had persuaded his creditors that his plans would fail, and they had seized nearly all of his property for debts. But he was not discouraged. Getting together what he could, he returned to Niagara, bringing with him three more friars.

In the meantime the men, kept at work by the brave, persevering Tonty, finished the vessel, which was called the *Griffin*. "When spring opened, she was ready for launching. The friar pronounced his blessing upon her; the assembled company sang the 'Te Deum'; cannon were fired; and French and Indians, warmed alike by a generous gift of brandy, shouted and yelped in chorus as she glided into the Niagara. Her builders towed her out and anchored her in the stream, safe at last from incendiary hands, and then, swinging their hammocks under her deck, slept in peace, beyond the reach of the tomahawk. The Indians gazed on her with amazement. Five small cannon looked out from her portholes; and on her prow was carved a portentous monster, the Griffin, whose name she bore."

When La Salle returned, the vessel was towed with ropes against the current of the river until she reached the entrance of Lake Erie. Here the voyagers, thirty-four in all, embarked with singing and firing of cannon upon the lake where a sail was never seen before. After three days they reached the outlet of the Detroit River and sailed up the straits. "Here, on the right hand and on the left, lay verdant prairies, dotted with groves and bordered with lofty forests. They saw walnut, chestnut, and wild plum trees, and oaks festooned with wild grape vines; herds of deer and flocks of swans and wild turkeys. The bulwarks of the *Griffin* were plentifully hung with game which the men killed on shore, and among the rest were a number of bear, which Hennepin praised for their excellent flesh. 'Those,' he says, 'who will one day have the happiness to possess this fertile and pleasant strait, will be very much obliged to those who have shown them the way.'" After they entered Lake Huron, a dreadful storm arose which threatened to send them to the bottom; but it quieted and the *Griffin* kept on her way till Point Ignace was reached at Mackinac. Before them they saw "the house and chapel of the Jesuits, enclosed with palisades; on the right, the Huron village, with its bark cabins and its fence of tall pickets; on the left, the square compact houses of the French traders; and not far off, the clustered wigwams

of an Ottawa village." This was the centre for both the Jesuit missions and the Indian trade.

"The *Griffin* fired her cannon, and the Indians yelped in wonder and amazement. The adventurers landed in state, and marched, under arms, to the bark chapel of the Ottawa village, where they heard mass. La Salle knelt before the altar in a mantle of scarlet bordered with gold." Soldiers, sailors, and workmen knelt around him, with the friars, traders, and painted savages.

As they left the chapel they saw the *Griffin* surrounded by more than a hundred bark canoes. The Indians of the mission were looking at this floating fort, for so they called the vessel, with more wonder than good will. The traders at Mackinac were not pleased with La Salle's plans and the Indians shared this feeling.

La Salle found here that four of the traders whom he had sent out had deserted him and were trying to trade in furs for themselves. These men were arrested and Tonty was sent to the Falls of St. Mary where he found and arrested two others with their plunder. In September La Salle sailed west through the straits to the head of Green Bay, where, on one of the islands at the head of the bay, he found friendly Indians and several of his men who had been faithful to him and had collected a large amount of furs. He now decided to send back the *Griffin*, laden with furs, to Niagara. When the furs

were given to his creditors, the pilot was to bring the vessel back to the Illinois. But the *Griffin* failed to return. Whether she was lost in a storm or destroyed by the traders, La Salle never knew.

"La Salle, with the fourteen men who remained, in four canoes deeply laden with a forge, tools, merchandise, and arrows, put out from the island and resumed his journey." The first evening was stormy and the voyagers, after being drenched with rain, were glad to take refuge in a sandy cove where their boats were drawn up on the shore, and they got what shelter they could in the dripping forest. Here they spent five days, living on pumpkins and Indian corn, the gift of their Indian friends, and on a Canada porcupine brought in by their Mohegan hunter. When the tempest ceased, they steered southward along the coast of Wisconsin. Several times they were driven by storms to the shore. Every night, also, the canoes had to be shouldered through the breakers and dragged up the steep banks. The men sometimes paddled all day with no other food than a handful of Indian corn. They found Indian villages but were afraid to trust the natives. As they came near the southern end of Lake Michigan, game grew plenty and they were supplied by the Mohegan hunter with bears' meat and venison. They also cut down trees for the wild grapes clustered upon them. These were much

better than the haws and wild berries which they had been eating.

The explorers saw no Indians for some time but one day, while gathering grapes, they found a footprint on the shore. A careful watch was kept, and that night, the sentinel, during a heavy rain, discovered a party of Indians under a bank where they had been hidden some time. When found they claimed to be friends and explained their action by saying that they thought the French were Iroquois. But they stole a coat and some tools and La Salle, capturing one of their number, told them that the stolen articles must be returned or the captive would be slain. The Indians had cut the coat into pieces and divided it among the crowd. As they could not return it, they decided to rescue the captive. Both parties prepared for battle but neither seemed anxious to begin. At last the Indians agreed to pay for the stolen property and also made a present of a number of beaver skins. They all spent the next day in feasting and dancing. The Indians begged La Salle to go no farther, as the Illinois, through whose country he must pass, hated the French, and would kill them because they had sent the Iroquois into the country of the Illinois. La Salle thought some of his enemies must have been at work among the Indians. The enmity of the Illinois would make his work more difficult but he determined to push on.

La Salle and his party now travelled around the southern shore of Lake Michigan till the mouth of the St. Joseph River was reached, where Tonty, with another party, had promised to meet him. But Tonty had not yet come. It was the 1st of November. Winter was at hand and the streams would soon be frozen. The men all wanted to be led to the Illinois before the winter set in but La Salle refused to desert Tonty. To keep the men from growing discontented, he set them at work to build a fort at the mouth of the St. Joseph. After twenty days Tonty arrived. La Salle had expected the *Griffin* to meet him here, as time enough had passed for her return, but she did not come and he could wait no longer.

On the 3d of December the company, thirty-three in all, in eight canoes, started up the river to the site of the present village of South Bend. Near here they expected to find a path or portage leading to the source of the Illinois River. But the Mohegan Indian guide was absent hunting and the untrained eyes of the Frenchmen failed to see the path as they passed it. La Salle landed to look for it and lost his way. The snow was falling so fast that he could see only a short distance. He wandered through the woods until he saw a fire which he supposed belonged to his party. He hurried to it, but found no one near, though a bed of dry grass, still warm from recent use, showed that it had just been deserted. He called in

several Indian languages but received no answer. Some Indian must have been in ambush, waiting, perhaps, to kill an enemy, but as he was gone, La Salle decided to take possession of the place. He made a barricade of bushes around the fire and calling to the unseen owner that he was going to sleep in his bed, he lay down on the grass, where he slept until morning.

In the meantime the rest of the party were much alarmed at La Salle's absence. They landed, fired guns, and sent men to search for him, but all in vain. That night they sat on the shore wrapped in their blankets, to shield them from the storm, and waited for their leader, who, they feared, might never return. It was late on the following day when they saw him coming along the bank of the river, carrying two opossums which he had killed with a stick as they hung, head downward, from the branch of a tree.

The Mohegan guide having returned, the portage was soon found. The next morning, carrying their canoes and baggage, consisting of a forge, tools, merchandise, and arms, the party started for the source of the Illinois River, about five miles distant. Their course lay through a marshy plain, covered with snow and strewn with skulls and bones of buffaloes. The soil grew more spongy and difficult to travel over as they advanced. "All around were clumps of alder bushes, tufts of tall grass, and pools of shining water." At last they came to a little stream

of water, so narrow that a tall man could step over it. Here were the sources of the Kankakee River. They set their canoes in this stream, and pushed their way until it widened into a river.

As they floated down the river the scene changed. They saw, on either side, long chains of hills crowned with trees. By climbing these hills they could see the great prairies beyond. They met no Indians but at night saw in the distance the camp-fires of Indian hunters. Game was scarce and they suffered from hunger. The men grew discontented and threatened to desert La Salle and join the Indians. But one day they came upon a large buffalo stuck in the mud near the river. They killed him and fastened a cable around his body, for he was so large that it took twelve men to pull him out.

Keeping on their way, the voyagers at last reached the Illinois River. At Ottawa they saw the high plateau of Buffalo Rock, a favorite dwelling-place of the Indians, and farther down the river, the steep cliff now known as Starved Rock.

Below in the valley, on New Year's Day, they saw the Indian village where they hoped to get supplies. This was one of the large villages of the Illinois. Hennepin counted 460 lodges. These lodges were built of a frame-work of poles shaped something like the curved top of a baggage wagon, then covered with mats of rushes. Some

were so large that several fires could be built in one of them and several families find homes in it. The town seemed silent and deserted. They landed but found no one to welcome them. The Indians were all out on their autumn hunt. Some of the men found pits containing corn. La Salle, knowing how much the Indians prized this corn, at first refused to let his men take any of it, but so great was their need that he consented that they should take a little, hoping to be able to pay the Indians and so pacify their anger.

Returning to their canoes, they floated on down the river and passed into an expanse of water now known as Peoria Lake. There they saw above the trees smoke from many fires and they knew they had at last reached the village of the Illinois. Now La Salle did not know whether he would be received as a friend or as a foe, so he decided to go prepared for either peace or war. The shores had come close together and the Illinois was again a river where the village stood. The wigwams, about eighty in number, were built on both banks. The canoes were placed in two lines, one taking the right and the other the left bank of the river. Dropping their oars, the men seized their guns, and the swift current swept them into the midst of the camp. Surprised at the sudden appearance and warlike attitude of the French, the Indians ran about in great confusion. As La Salle and his men

sprang ashore, some of the older warriors came forward with the calumet. La Salle showed his in return, while Hennepin tried to soothe some of the frightened children. Soon quiet was restored and food was set before them, the Indians putting the morsels into the mouths of their guests with their fingers, as that was their way of showing kindness to strangers. After the feast, La Salle spoke to the Indians, telling them that he had come as a friend to help them, if need be, against their enemies, the Iroquois. In order to do this, he wished to build a fort near them for supplies. He told them his men had taken from the Indian store of corn, and offered ample pay for their loss. He explained how he was going to build a large wooden canoe, in which he and his men could go down their river and the Mississippi to the countries below. If they would not help him, he would go on to the tribe of the Osages and give them his protection. Anxious to keep the French with them, the Indians promised all that was desired and the rest of the evening was spent in feasting. But during the night an Indian named Monso came secretly into camp, and, calling together a council, told them not to trust La Salle, as he was going below to incite the tribes to war against them, together with the Iroquois. After telling these things he stole quietly away, so that La Salle might not know that he had been there. In the morning a young chief, a friend

of La Salle, told him, secretly, of the midnight council. That day the French were invited to a feast. While waiting for their dinner, an old chief said he wished to warn them against a visit down the Mississippi. Such a journey would be full of danger. They would meet hostile tribes, great monsters, and find dreadful whirlpools which would swallow up their boats. La Salle thanked the chief for his warning, but said the more danger, the more glory in making the journey. But had not their friends, the Illinois, been deceived? The French were not asleep, he said, when Monso came to tell that they were spies of the Iroquois. If he had told the truth, why did he skulk away in the dark? If the French had so desired, they might have killed them all, when they first came and found the camp in confusion. He spoke of the presents they had brought, and ended by saying, "If you still harbor evil thoughts of us, be frank, as we are, and speak them boldly." The Indians made no answer but seemed to agree with what was said.

Now La Salle's men were not all to be trusted, and fearing the dangers of which the Indian had spoken, six of them deserted during the night. La Salle at once decided to leave the Indian camp, as he could not trust them, and about the middle of January he went a short distance down the river and selected a place for a fort. This was a hill fronting the river and bounded on two

sides by deep ravines. These ravines they connected by digging a deep ditch at the back of the hill. They threw up an embankment of earth all around, and sloped the sides steeply down to the ravines and ditch. Then they put a palisade twenty-five feet high around the whole. "The men were lodged in huts at the angles. In the middle there was a cabin of planks for La Salle and Tonty, and another for the three friars, while the blacksmith had his shed and forge in the rear." This was the first occupation of the state of Illinois by white men. The new fort was called Fort Crevecœur, the name meaning in French "a grieved heart." Here the explorers waited for the springtime before starting out on new discoveries. But La Salle, who was very anxious to know what had happened to the *Griffin*, resolved to return on foot to Niagara. With five companions he set out at the beginning of March, and travelled on foot through the greatest dangers and hardships for more than two months before reaching Fort Frontenac. Tonty was left in command at Fort Crevecœur.

CHAPTER III

LA SALLE'S TRIP ON THE LOWER MISSISSIPPI[1]

La Salle had sent Hennepin and two other Frenchmen to explore the upper Mississippi. He had also left Tonty, with fifteen men, to finish building the large boat which he had begun for a trip down the river and to hold Fort Crevecœur till his return. But while La Salle was absent on his long journey to Fort Frontenac, two things had happened which brought ruin, for a time, upon all his plans. While he was at Fort Frontenac, gathering supplies and men for the trip to the mouth of the Mississippi, Tonty had been unfortunate. La Salle had written to Tonty, telling him to examine and fortify Starved Rock. During Tonty's absence on a trip up the river to Starved Rock, the men who were left at Fort Crevecœur had stopped work on the boat, deserted the fort, taking with them such goods, furs, and ammunition as they could carry, and had then scattered in parties to hunt and trade for themselves among the Indians.

After this, Tonty, with four men who were still faithful, decided not to remain at Fort Crevecœur, but, taking

[1] Authority: Parkman's "La Salle."

with him the supplies and tools that the deserters had left, went to spend the time, till La Salle's return, at the great Illinois town near Utica, on the north bank of the Illinois River. While waiting here, the startling news came that an army of Iroquois, five hundred strong, was marching rapidly against the Illinois. The next day the army appeared on the south side of the river. The Illinois were much frightened. They had fewer than five hundred warriors, as many of their young men were away. A crowd of excited Indians surrounded Tonty, accused him of being a secret friend of the Iroquois, and fiercely threatened to kill him. But Tonty said that he and the other Frenchmen were willing to go with the Illinois to fight the Iroquois. Because of the strength of his iron hand, which he sometimes used with great effect, many of the Indians thought he was a great "medicine man" and were pleased with this offer. They became less threatening, but some, still angry, threw into the river the forge and tools together with all the goods that had been saved from the deserters.

Both sides now prepared for battle. Screeching, dancing, yelling, and shooting off their guns, the two armies approached each other on the plain south of the river. Although the battle had really begun, Tonty, seeing that the Iroquois were more numerous and better fighters and were sure to gain the victory, marched forward between

the two armies, taking a wampum belt as a flag of truce. The Iroquois were supposed to be at peace with the French, and he might be able to persuade them to give up their intended battle. He soon found himself surrounded by the screeching Iroquois warriors. It was a fearful sight, "the contorted forms, bounding, crouching, twisting, to deal or dodge the shot; the parted lips pealing their fiendish yells; the painted features writhing with fear and fury, and every passion of Indian fight." Tonty's dark complexion and savage dress made them think he was an Indian. One savage struck at his breast with a dagger, making a deep wound; one seized his hair from behind as if about to scalp him; one chief demanded that he be burned at the stake. Then a chief called out that his ears were not pierced; he must be a Frenchman. At this the Iroquois listened to him. He told them that they should not attack the Illinois, who were the friends and allies of the governor of Canada, that there were twelve hundred Illinois warriors and sixty well-armed Frenchmen in the Illinois camp, and they would better make peace.

The Iroquois, seeing the Illinois acting very bravely, and half believing Tonty's words, now sent him back with a belt of peace. He had, for a time, put an end to the battle, but the Iroquois were only waiting for a better chance to attack their enemies. As the Illinois warriors crossed the river in boats, some of the Iroquois followed

them and hovered around the village. The Illinois, feeling it unsafe to remain longer, set fire to their houses, and, jumping into their canoes, retreated to an island down the river, where they had already hidden their wives, children, and goods. Tonty tried several times after this to make peace between the two savage armies, but was only partly successful. After the Illinois went down the river, the Iroquois took possession of their village. Tonty and his friends remained in their hut. The Iroquois were not very friendly toward them, and doubtless would have killed them if they had not been afraid of the French governor. After several days Tonty and one of the friars, named Membre, were called to a council. "Six packs of beaver skin were brought in, and the savage orator presented them to Tonty in turn, explaining their meaning as he did so. The first two were to declare that the children of Count Frontenac, that is the Illinois, should not be eaten; the next was a plaster to heal Tonty's wound; the next was oil wherewith to anoint him and Membre, that they might not be fatigued in travelling; the next proclaimed that the sun was bright; and the sixth and last required them to decamp and go home. Tonty thanked them for their gifts, but demanded when they themselves meant to go and leave the Illinois in peace." This made the Iroquois angry and some of them said that before they went they would eat Illinois

flesh. Tonty kicked away the packs of beaver skins, telling them that since they meant to eat the governor's children, he would have none of their presents. The chiefs then drove him from the lodge. Finding himself feared and hated by both tribes, he and his companions embarked in a leaky canoe and started toward Green Bay by way of the Chicago portage and Lake Michigan. After great hardships, almost starving by the way, living on nuts, wild onions, and such corn and game as they could get, they reached the town of a friendly tribe on Green Bay (the Pottawatomies).

In the late fall, when La Salle returned to the valley of the Illinois, he found the great Indian village in ruins and the Illinois tribes fled from the whole valley. Anxious to learn the fate of Tonty, he passed down the entire length of the Illinois to its mouth, but could find no trace of his friend. If La Salle had not been anxious about Tonty, he might have continued his voyage down the Mississippi, which he now saw for the first time. From a tree which hung far over the river, he stripped the bark to attract attention, and "hung upon it a board, on which he had drawn the figures of himself and his men seated in their canoe and bearing the pipe of peace." To this he tied a letter to Tonty and returned up the river. The Iroquois had burned the huts, destroyed the supplies of corn, and driven all the Illinois they had not killed, in

terror, from all the settlements along the river. The Frenchmen saw no Indians on this long journey.

On reaching the junction of the two rivers that unite to form the Illinois, La Salle went up the northern branch instead of taking the southern fork which he had come down. Soon he saw on the shore a wooden cabin. Searching it, he found a piece of wood which had been cut with a saw and felt sure that Tonty and his party had passed this way. After a time they had to leave their canoes and wade through deep drifts of snow to Fort Miami, for the winter had begun. Here La Salle hoped to find Tonty but was disappointed. During his absence the men left in charge had restored the fort, cleared the ground for planting, and even sawed the planks and timber of a new vessel on the lake.

All his plans had now been ruined and even Tonty had not been heard from. But La Salle was not a man to be discouraged, even by great misfortunes. He resolved, first, to form a great confederacy of all the western tribes against the Iroquois. La Salle and the French were to be the friends of all the western Indians, and to assist them should they ever be attacked again by the Iroquois. In this way, La Salle would be able, also, to get control of the whole fur trade of the Indian tribes in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana. For this purpose, during the winter, he held councils with the chiefs of many Indian

tribes, persuading them to join with him and the Illinois in forming a union against the Iroquois.

Having received news that some of the Iroquois warriors were at the portage of the St. Joseph, and that they were boastful and insolent toward the Miamis and the French, La Salle hastened to meet them and openly rebuked and threatened them, so that they made no reply, but secretly crept away during the night. This greatly increased the confidence of the western Indian tribes in La Salle. In council, also, he was very bold and eloquent and had a wonderful influence over the warriors. In a great council held in the tent of the Miami chief, La Salle undertook to persuade the Miamis to join the Illinois, their old enemies. He first began with a gift of tobacco to clear the brains of his listeners. Next he brought in a canoe-load of presents — cloths, coats, hatchets, beads, bells, and trinkets. Praising one of their chiefs who had lately died, La Salle said he would bring him to life again; that is, he would take his name and give support to his squaws and children. When a huge pile of coats, shirts, and hunting-knives were placed before the Indians in proof of these words, the whole assembly exploded in yelps of admiration. Then he made a present of six guns and said: "He who is my master, and the master of all this country, is a mighty chief, feared by the whole world; but he loves peace, and the words of his lips are for good alone.

He is called the King of France, and he is the mightiest among the chiefs beyond the water. It is his will that you make no war. You ought, then, to live in peace with your neighbors, the Illinois. Let us obey the Great King and live together in peace under his protection. Be of my mind and use these guns that I have given you, not to make war, but only to hunt and to defend yourselves." The Miamis were persuaded by these words.

During this winter La Salle made a visit to the Illinois tribes, who had begun to return to their ruined homes along the river, after the departure of the Iroquois. He persuaded them also to join the confederacy of the western Indians, promising himself to come and live among them, to furnish them with French goods, and to buy their furs and skins. The Indians were well pleased.

While among the Illinois, La Salle had heard of Tonty's safety at Green Bay, and returning to the Lakes, had a joyful meeting with him at Mackinac, where the two men told each other their experiences and laid their plans for the future.

La Salle's second great purpose was to explore the Mississippi to its mouth, make settlements along the river, and then to ship his peltries down the stream and by way of the Gulf to France. To carry out this plan, he returned to Canada during the spring and collected many boat-loads of supplies. In the fall, with deeply laden canoes,

La Salle and his men made their way along the shores of the Great Lakes, till in the late autumn they reached St. Joseph. Full preparations were made at St. Joseph for the journey to the mouth of the great river. La Salle had twenty-three Frenchmen and selected, in addition, eighteen trusty Indians. The Indians insisted also on taking their squaws with them, ten in number, and three children, so that the whole party numbered fifty-four. La Salle did not wait for spring to open, but on December 21 sent Tonty and Membre, with some of the men and six canoes, across Lake Michigan to the place where Chicago now stands.

It was late in December when La Salle reached the mouth of the Chicago River, with the rest of the men and boats. "It was the dead of winter and the streams were frozen. They made sledges, placed on them the canoes, the baggage, and a disabled Frenchman, crossed from the Chicago to the northern branch of the Illinois, and filed in a long procession down its frozen course." Below Lake Peoria they reached open water, embarked in their canoes, and floated down the river, till, on the 6th of February, they entered the Mississippi.

The river was so full of floating ice that a week passed before they could continue their voyage. They reached the mouth of the Missouri toward evening and

encamped in a neighboring forest. Three days later they passed the mouth of the Ohio, and on the 24th of February encamped near the Third Chickasaw Bluff. The hunters went out for game. "All returned except Pierre Prudhomme, and, as the others had seen fresh tracks of Indians, La Salle feared that he was killed. While some of his followers built a small stockade fort on a high bluff by the river, others ranged the woods in search of the missing hunter. After six days of ceaseless and fruitless search, they met two Chickasaw Indians in the forest, and through them La Salle sent presents and peace messages to that warlike people, whose villages were a few days' journey distant. Several days later Prudhomme was found and brought into the camp, half dead. He had lost his way while hunting, and, to console him for his woes, La Salle christened the newly built fort with his name, and left him, with a few others, in charge of it."

They embarked again and went on down the river. As they advanced the climate grew more and more springlike. The air was warm, trees were budding, and flowers opening. For several days they followed the winding course of the river through wastes of swamp and cane-brake. On the 13th of March they found themselves wrapped in a fog so thick that neither shore could be seen. "They heard on the right the booming

of an Indian drum and the shrill outcries of the war-dance. La Salle at once crossed to the opposite side, where, in less than an hour, his men threw up a rude fort of felled trees. Meanwhile the fog cleared, and, from the farther bank, the astonished Indians saw the strange visitors at their work. Some of the French advanced to the edge of the water and beckoned them to come over. Several of them approached, in a wooden canoe, to within the distance of a gunshot. La Salle displayed the calumet and sent a Frenchman to meet them. He was well received, and, the friendly mood of the Indians being now apparent, the whole party crossed the river." The Indian town belonged to a tribe of the Arkansas, a people living near the mouth of the river which bears their name. They brought poles to the Frenchmen to build their huts, supplied them with firewood, and entertained them with dancing and feasting. La Salle took possession of the country in the name of the king of France, raising a cross with great ceremony, to the admiration of crowds of gazing Indians.

After three days the French continued their journey, guided by two of the Arkansas. They passed the sites of Vicksburg and Grand Gulf. About three hundred miles below the Arkansas they stopped by the edge of a swamp on the western side of the river, where, as the

guides told them, was the path to the great town of the Taensas. Tonty and a friar were sent to visit it. "They and their men shouldered their birch canoe through the swamp, and launched it on a lake which had once formed a portion of the channel of the river. In two hours they reached the town, and Tonty gazed at it with astonishment. He had seen nothing like it in America: large, square dwellings, built of sun-baked mud, mixed with straw, arched over with a dome-shaped roof of canes. Two of them were larger and better than the rest; one was the lodge of the chief, the other the temple of the sun. They entered the former and found a single room, forty feet square, where, in the dim light, — for there was no opening but the door, — the chief sat awaiting them, on a sort of bedstead, three of his wives at his side, while sixty old men, wrapped in white cloaks, woven of mulberry bark, formed his council. When he spoke, his wives howled, to do him honor. He received the visitors kindly, and joyfully accepted the gifts which Tonty laid before him." In the temple were kept the bones of departed chiefs. Within burned a sacred fire, which was always kept burning, and the room was full of smoke. The people were worshippers of the sun. On a mud wall surrounding the temple, upon which stakes were planted, were stuck the skulls of enemies who had been sacrificed

to the sun. It was believed that their chiefs descended from the sun and they were worshipped as divine.

Lower down the river, a village of the Natchez, who were also sun-worshippers, was visited. Still farther down-stream some of the tribes were hostile, but La Salle refused to fight with them and kept on toward the mouth, which was soon reached. On the 6th of April they found the river dividing into three broad channels; La Salle followed one, Tonty another, and one of the other leaders the third, till they reached the salt waters of the Gulf, where the three parties came together again.

A short distance above the mouth of the river all the men assembled upon a dry spot of ground. Here they caused a column to be raised, hymns were sung, and La Salle, among other things, proclaimed in a loud voice: "In the name of Louis the Great, king of France, I do take possession of this country of Louisiana, the seas, harbors, ports, bays, straits, and all the nations, peoples, provinces, cities, towns, villages, mines, minerals, fisheries, streams, and rivers, within the extent of said Louisiana, from the mouth of the river Ohio, as also along the Mississippi, and the rivers which discharge themselves into it from its source beyond the country of the Sioux, as far as its mouth at the Gulf of Mexico." The people shouted, "Long live the king!" Volleys of

musketry were fired. A cross was raised beside the column, and a leaden plate was buried in the earth near by, upon which was written in Latin, "Louis the Great reigns."

La Salle and his party were the first white men to go from the Great Lakes to the mouth of the Mississippi. He had not only discovered the mouth of the river, but proved that it would be possible to reach France by going down to the Gulf. Turning the boats up the stream, the explorers made their way slowly back to Illinois. They were without food, much of the time having little but the flesh of alligators. Landing to get supplies, they were once attacked by the Indians, but La Salle kept his men ready for battle and drove back the enemy. La Salle himself was taken very sick and was compelled to stop at Fort Prudhomme for many days, till the fever left him. He says, "On the way back I was attacked by a deadly disease, which kept me in danger of my life for forty days, and left me so weak that I could think of nothing for four months longer." Sending Tonty on before, he followed as soon as his strength would permit, and meeting him again at Mackinac, made arrangements to carry out the plan of forming a confederacy of the western Indians. Reports came that the Iroquois were preparing for another expedition against the western tribes.

La Salle had decided to build a fort among the Illinois on what is now called Starved Rock, a steep bluff on the south bank of the Illinois River, not far from the great Illinois town, near the present city of Ottawa. This was to be a fort, trading-post, and headquarters of the French and Indians of the West. Tonty was sent with as many men as possible to begin the work. "The cliff called 'Starved Rock' rises, steep on three sides as a castle wall, to the height of a hundred and twenty-five feet above the river. In front it overhangs the water that washes its base; its western brow looks down on the tops of forest trees below, and on the east lies a wide gorge or ravine choked with the mingled foliage of oaks, walnuts, and elms; while in its rocky depths a little brook creeps down to mingle with the river. From the trunk of the stunted cedar that leans forward from the brink, you may drop a plummet into the river below, where the catfish and the turtles may plainly be seen gliding over the wrinkled sands of the clear and shallow current. The top of the cliff can be reached only from behind, where a man may climb up, not without difficulty, by a steep and narrow passage. The top is about an acre in extent. Here, in the month of December, La Salle and Tonty began to intrench themselves. They cut away the forest that crowned the rock, built storehouses and dwellings, dragged timber up the rugged pathway,

and encircled the summit with a palisade." They called the fort St. Louis.

The Illinois and many other Indian tribes had pitched their tents in the valley below, in sight of Fort St. Louis. They depended upon the French for protection against the Iroquois. La Salle reported that twenty thousand Indians had come to dwell near the fort, depending upon his promises, and they were able to muster four thousand warriors. His plan of forming the confederacy of western Indians had been a great success.

Leaving Tonty in command of Fort St. Louis, La Salle went to Quebec and from there to France, to ask the king to aid him in forming a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi River. His plan was to sail through the Gulf of Mexico, to the mouth of the river, as that was an easier journey than by way of Canada. Now the Spaniards claimed the sole right to the Gulf of Mexico and the country around it. As France was at war with Spain, King Louis thought it would be a fine thing to take possession of the Gulf of Mexico and to drive the Spaniards away, so he readily gave his consent to La Salle's plans. He gave La Salle four ships and plentiful supplies. Besides one hundred soldiers, there were mechanics and laborers, six priests, and thirty gentlemen, some with their families, who voluntered to join the new colony.

They sailed in July, 1684. One of their ships, laden

La Salle's Search for the Mississippi (1684)

with tools and provisions, was captured by the Spaniards. After a long and uncomfortable voyage, the other three entered the Gulf of Mexico and sailed slowly along the northern shore. When at the mouth of the Mississippi two years before, La Salle had fixed its latitude but was unable to find its longitude. This was unfortunate, for not being acquainted with its exact location, they sailed past the mouth. The coast is low and monotonous. Finally, they landed on the coast of Texas at a place where the many inlets looked like the outlet of a river. The place is now known as Matagorda Bay.

The troops were landed and a fort was built. One of the smaller ships, while sailing along the coast, was wrecked, through the carelessness of the captain, who was not a friend of La Salle. Many supplies were lost with her. Soon after the large ship sailed for France, leaving La Salle but one vessel, and this, a short time afterward, was lost while exploring the coast.

La Salle soon found out that he had not landed at the mouth of the Mississippi, and made several unsuccessful journeys in search of it. The colonists grew more and more discontented and blamed La Salle for all their troubles. Many were sick, some were killed by the Indians, and all suffered for want of good water and food. At last two men decided to kill La Salle and take the control of the company. While with him on one of his

journeys in search of the river, these men, with several others, were sent out to hunt game. They were gone so long that La Salle sent his nephew with one companion in search of them. When found, the nephew reproved them for staying so long and for taking the best part of the game they had killed. This made the men very angry, and that night they killed the nephew, his companion, and a faithful Indian guide who had followed La Salle from Fort St. Louis. The next morning when La Salle, with a priest, came to see what had kept them so long, they shot him, and leaving his body in the wilderness, returned to the rest of the company. These murderers were killed a short time afterward while engaged in a quarrel with some of the Frenchmen.

The few of La Salle's party who were left, among them La Salle's brother, finally made their way to the Mississippi and up it to Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois. Here they found Tonty, who treated them kindly, but they feared to tell him of La Salle's death. It was not until the next year, after the brother and his companion had returned to France, that Tonty heard through some Indians of his leader's unhappy death.

CHAPTER IV

HENNEPIN'S VOYAGES ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI[1]

In the first story of La Salle, we left a small party of Frenchmen living in a fort among the Indians on the Illinois River, near the present site of Peoria. Hennepin and two other Frenchmen loaded an Indian canoe and got ready to go down the Illinois River to its mouth, and then up the Mississippi, on an exploring trip. They filled their canoe with blankets, tents, knives, hatchets, tools, beads, tobacco, pipes, and other presents for the Indians they should meet. They took guns, bullets, and powder for their own use. Some meat and corn they also needed at first, so that their boat was well loaded.

On the first day of March the party left the village and fort, and floated down the Illinois. After a few days the mouth of this stream was reached, and then began the slow journey up the Mississippi. The days were still cold and there was floating ice in the river. But the trees were beginning to bud, for spring was coming. Every night they drew their boat to the bank, gathered wood for a fire, and cooked such game as they could kill,

[1] Authority: Parkman's "La Salle."

before lying down in their tent to sleep. During all of March the voyagers made their way slowly up the river toward the north. Whenever they saw signs of game they landed and hunted along the banks. They killed buffalo, beaver, deer, wild turkeys, and sometimes a bear swimming in the river. Fish were caught in the stream. Thus they were supplied with meat. Up to this time they had seen no Indians along the Mississippi, but they knew they were coming nearer the land of the Sioux, who were wild and savage and not very friendly to white men. No white man had ever gone up the Mississippi River into this country, now known as Minnesota, and they knew not what might happen to them if they should fall into the hands of the Sioux. But in spite of this, the Frenchmen wished to explore the river farther up and find out about this new country and its people. Hennepin was always dressed as a friar, with a hood and cape, and a robe fastened with the beautiful cord of St. Francis.

On the 11th of April the party stopped in the afternoon to mend the canoe. Hennepin was daubing it with pitch and the other men were cooking a turkey. Suddenly a fleet of Sioux canoes came in sight, with a war-party of 120 naked savages. On seeing the Frenchmen, they raised a great shout. Some leaped ashore, others jumped into the water and surrounded the Frenchmen in an instant. Hennepin held

out a peace-pipe but one of the Indians snatched it from him. He next offered a piece of tobacco, which the Indian was more willing to take. The Indians were dressed for war and often spoke the word *Miami*, giving the Frenchmen to understand they were on their way to fight the Miami Indians. Hennepin, by signs and by drawing with a stick in the sand, made it plain that the Miamis had already crossed the river and left the country. "Hereupon, he says that three or four old men placed their hands on his head, and began a dismal wailing; while he with his handkerchief wiped away their tears," to show his sympathy for their affliction, from whatever cause arising.

The Indians would not smoke the peace-pipe in sign of friendship, but forced Hennepin and his friends to get into their canoe and paddle across the river, "while they all followed behind, uttering yells and howlings which froze the missionaries' blood." When the Indians reached the farther side, they made camp-fires and allowed the prisoners to do the same. Hennepin gave the Indians two turkeys, of which he had several in the boat. The Frenchmen hung their kettle and cooked their supper while the Indians did likewise. Then the Indians held a council to decide what they should do with the prisoners. Some were in favor of killing them and taking their boat and goods. Others wished

to make friends with the Frenchmen and to ask them to bring knives, hatchets, guns, and such things into their country, to trade. After a while two chiefs came to Hennepin, and pretended to show him by signs that the Indians were about to kill him with a club. At this Hennepin ran to the boat and brought back one of the men loaded with presents, which he threw down before the Indians. He then offered them a hatchet with which to kill him if they wished. The Indians seemed pleased with his gifts and actions and gave the Frenchmen a dish of beaver's flesh; but they returned his peace-pipe which Hennepin thought was a sign of danger. That night the prisoners did not sleep much, fearing that the savages might come to kill them at any moment.

In the morning a young chief, naked, and painted from head to foot, came to them and asked for the peace-pipe, which he smoked and then filled for them to smoke. This was the first sign of friendship; and now, he told them, they would all return home, the Frenchmen with the Indians. Hennepin was glad to go farther up the river, though it was not his desire to go as a prisoner. He opened his prayer-book and began to read, but the Indians gathered round him in fear and terror, and told him he must not talk to the book, for it was a bad spirit. The friar was sorry for

this, because it was his habit, every day, to say a prayer. At last he decided to sing the prayers instead of reading them, so he sang them in a loud, clear voice, at which the Indians were much pleased.

The whole party now started up the river in their birch canoes. They camped every night on the banks of the river, and if it rained built rude huts with branches and bark. The Frenchmen always tried to sleep near the young chief, who seemed to be their friend. There was one old chief who had lost a son in a war with the Miamis and wanted revenge. He was angry because the party had given up their expedition. He seemed anxious that the French should be killed, and one night, when they were not able to camp near the friendly chief, they were told that the old chief had decided to tomahawk them. Hennepin made haste to bring some presents from the canoe, and this seemed to satisfy the old fellow.

One day the old chief killed a bear and invited the other chiefs and warriors to the feast. After the feast they danced the medicine dance. All were painted from head to foot, with hair oiled and full of red and white feathers. Then they fell to stamping the earth and whirling around. The chief laid his hands upon the Frenchmen's heads and moaned in a loud voice. He was trying to persuade the warriors to kill the French-

men, but they refused. The majority were not in favor of either killing or robbing the three Frenchmen.

Every morning at daybreak an old warrior shouted the signal to depart, and without stopping for breakfast they would often spring into the boats and paddle up the stream. They passed the sites of the present towns of La Crosse and Winona. Sometimes they stopped a day for a buffalo hunt upon the prairies, and there was no lack of provisions. While going over Lake Pepin the old chief, his enemy, wailed and moaned over him so much that Hennepin called it the Lake of Tears.

Nineteen days after the Frenchmen were captured the party landed where St. Paul now stands. At this point the Indians prepared to march northward to their homes in the villages. They hid their canoes among the bushes, divided the goods of the Frenchmen among the bands, and set out on foot. The Indians were tall and active and walked so fast that the Frenchmen could hardly keep up. They waded through the ponds and marshes, which were still covered with thin ice, although it was the 1st of May. They swam the larger streams and Hennepin almost died with cold as he came out of the icy water. The Indians, noticing that he lagged behind on the march, would set fire to the grass behind him and then run forward with him

to escape the flames. One small piece of smoked meat a day was all the Indians gave him to eat, so he was nearly starved. On the fifth day they saw a crowd of children and squaws coming, and soon they stood in the Indian village on the shores of Mille Lac. As they came up to the village, Hennepin noticed before the tents certain tall stakes driven into the ground, wrapped with bundles of straw. This seemed to show that the Frenchmen were to be burned alive. The Indians had painted the face and hair of one of the Frenchmen and put white feathers in his hair, and made him sing and dance while entering the village. But Hennepin and the other white men were led into a lodge, seated on the ground, and given large dishes of birch bark filled with wild rice boiled with dried huckleberries. This tasted better than anything else he had eaten since he was a captive.

The Indians now fell into a dispute as to who should keep the captives. At length an agreement was reached, and Hennepin fell to the lot of the old chief, his enemy. But the old chief now treated him well and at once adopted him as his son. The other Frenchmen were given to other Indian chiefs. Hennepin was now compelled to follow his adopted father several miles through the woods and marshes to a lake, where they entered a canoe and were ferried to an island, upon which the

village and home of the old chief lay. He was introduced to several of the old chief's wives, and, as he entered the tent, an old, wrinkled Indian approached him with a peace-pipe and placed him on a bearskin spread before the fire. Hennepin was so worn out that a small Indian boy began to rub his limbs with the fat of a wildcat, which was supposed to make them more supple. His new father gave him a bark platter of fish and covered him with a buffalo robe. Seeing how feeble Hennepin was, the Indians made for him three times a week one of their sweating baths, and he grew stronger. They did not give him much to eat, though they respected him and stood in awe of a pocket compass which he had, as well as of a small metal pot with feet moulded like the face of a lion. This they would not touch without first wrapping it in a beaver skin. Hennepin was not successful in teaching the Indians religion, "by reason of their natural stupidity," he tells us. But he made himself useful by shaving the heads of the children as was the custom of the tribe, and by doctoring the Indians with some medicine that he always carried with him. When Hennepin complained of hunger, the Indians promised him that they would soon go on a great buffalo hunt.

The three Frenchmen had been three months in captivity when the Indians, 350 warriors, besides

their women and children, set out for their hunting-trip. They went in canoes down the Rum River. "After reaching the Mississippi, the whole party encamped together opposite to the mouth of the Rum River, pitching their tents of skin or building their bark huts on the slope of a hill by the side of the water. It was a wild scene, this camp of savages, among whom as yet no traders had come, and no handiwork of civilization had found its way, — the tall warriors, some nearly naked, some wrapped in buffalo robes, and some in shirts of dressed deerskin and fringed with hair and embroidered with dyed porcupine quills, war-clubs of stone in their hands, and quivers at their backs, filled with stone-headed arrows; the squaws cutting smoke-dried meat with knives of flint, and boiling it in rude earthen pots of their own making; driving away meanwhile, with shrill cries, the troops of lean dogs, which disputed the meal with the hungry children. The whole camp was threatened, indeed, with starvation. The three white men could get no food but unripe berries, from the effects of which Hennepin thinks they might all have died but for timely doses of his medicine."

Each tribe of Indians was appointed to a certain hunting-ground, but Hennepin did not wish to go with his adopted father and his tribe, for fear the old chief would become angry with him and kill him. He

claimed that he expected a party of white traders at the mouth of the Wisconsin River. The principal chief of all the tribes had been very kind to the Frenchmen, and through his influence, Hennepin and one of his companions were allowed to take a boat and go to meet these traders. The other Frenchman was so well pleased with Indian life that he wanted to stay with the red men. Hennepin and his companion had a small canoe, an earthen pot, a gun, a knife, and a robe of beaver skin. They soon reached St. Anthony's Falls, where Minneapolis now stands. They saw five Indians at the fall, one of whom had climbed into an oak tree above the main fall and was talking in a loud and mournful voice to the spirit of the fall. He had also hung a robe of beaver skin among the branches as an offering to the deity of the place.

The Frenchmen now paddled down the river, living mostly on turtles, which were so shy as to be caught only with difficulty. They also killed a deer, whose flesh soon spoiled in the July heat. A herd of buffalo was seen and Hennepin's companion took the gun and went in pursuit; meanwhile some of the herd waded into the river. Hennepin called to his friend, who came up with the gun and shot a buffalo cow, which fell in the water. They were not able to drag her out, but cut off the flesh where she lay, made a fire and ate

heartily, as they had taken nothing for two days. The result was that they both became sick and were compelled to remain on an island in the river for two days longer. They did not know how to smoke and dry the meat, so it quickly spoiled. They had some fish-hooks but did not always succeed in catching fish when they were hungry. "On one occasion, being nearly famished, they set a line and lay watching it, when suddenly there was a great turmoil in the water. They ran to the line and drew in two great catfish. The eagles or fish-hawks now and then dropped a newly caught fish, of which they gladly took possession." Once they saw an otter on the bank eating an object so wonderful in appearance that the Frenchmen cried out that he had a devil in his claws. They frightened him away from his prey, which proved to be a spade-fish, with a bony projection from his snout in the form of a paddle.

One day Hennepin was surprised at being overtaken by the old chief, his Indian father, who, with ten warriors, had come down the river to meet the white traders. The two Frenchmen were much frightened but the chief passed on down the river. He returned in anger after three days, saying that no white traders were to be found. Hennepin was alone, sitting under the shade of his blanket, which he had stretched on forked sticks to protect him from the sun, when he saw his adopted

father approaching with a threatening look and a war-club in his hand. The chief, however, contented himself with giving the friar a severe scolding, and then he went on up the river with his warriors.

As the traders had not come, and there was danger of starvation if they went up the Wisconsin alone, and because they had but ten charges of powder left, the two Frenchmen decided to join a party of Sioux hunters, who, the old chief had told them, were hunting near Lake Pepin. By doing this they would get a supply of food and avoid the danger of meeting parties of roving warriors. They soon found this band and joined them in a grand hunt along the Mississippi. The Sioux warriors chased the buffalo on foot and killed them with their stone-headed arrows. The old men stood sentinel on the heights, watching for the approach of enemies.

One day an alarm was given and the warriors rushed to the supposed point of danger. Here they found only two squaws, who brought the strange news that a war-party of Sioux, while on the way to Lake Superior, had met five "spirits," or white men. The hunt had been successful, and the Indians turned northward up the river, taking Hennepin and his companion with them.

Below the falls of St. Anthony they met the five

white men. They were Du Lhut, a cousin of Tonty, and a very brave man, and four other well-armed Frenchmen. Du Lhut had been two years in the wilderness, exploring, trading, and making friends of the Indians. He was much surprised to hear from the Sioux war-party that three white men were on the main river below. He came at once to meet them, fearing they might be Englishmen or Spaniards trespassing in the country of the French. It was a happy meeting for both parties, and they all returned together to the Indian villages about Mille Lac. The Sioux treated Hennepin much better than before, and gave him and Du Lhut a grand feast at which 120 guests were seated. The great chief of the Sioux placed before Hennepin with his own hands a bark dish containing a mess of smoked meat and wild rice.

In the fall the eight white men set out together on their return to Canada. "As they passed St. Anthony's Falls, two of the men stole two buffalo robes which were hung on trees as offerings to the spirit of the cataract. When Du Lhut heard of it, he was very angry, telling the men that they had endangered the lives of the whole party." But the men insisted upon keeping the robes.

On their way down the Mississippi they met with excellent hunting and at the mouth of the Wisconsin

they stopped to dry the buffalo meat. Here they were surprised to see a war-party of Sioux coming down the river in a fleet of canoes. Hennepin hurried out with the peace-pipe and was delighted to find that the Indians were not unfriendly. Nothing was said of the theft of the buffalo robes, and the war-party soon went on its way to attack the Illinois and Missouris down the river.

The eight Frenchmen now made their way up the Wisconsin to the Fox, and down to Green Bay where there was a mission. They then went on to Mackinac, where Hennepin spent the winter. The next spring he travelled down the Lakes and the St. Lawrence River, to Quebec, where he was warmly welcomed by the governor, to whom he related the long story of his adventures.

CHAPTER V

BOONE AS HUNTER AND SETTLER IN KENTUCKY

Daniel Boone was one of the hunters who first crossed the Alleghany Mountains from North Carolina to explore the forests and hunting-grounds of Kentucky.

Boone was born in Pennsylvania, but when still a boy the family moved to North Carolina and settled on the Yadkin. Here Daniel lived till manhood, when he married, built a log hut like those of his neighbors, and made a clearing for corn and vegetables. But Boone was a hunter born, and loved the woods and the pursuit of game, such as bear, deer, panther, squirrel, and turkey. As a young man he hunted upon the rivers flowing westward through the mountains. "In the valley of Boone's creek, a branch of the Watauga, there is a beech tree still standing on which can be faintly traced the words, 'D. Boone killed a bear on this tree in the year 1760.'" He went out sometimes as a hunter, sometimes as a surveyor for a Mr. Henderson, who was buying western lands. "Boone loved the lonely life of the wilderness, with its bold, wild freedom. He was a tall, spare, sinewy man, with eyes like an eagle's, and muscles that never

tired." In spite of all his hardships he was so strong and temperate in all respects that he lived to the age of eighty-six, a hunter to the last.

Boone's hunting and surveying trips whetted his appetite for adventure. A friend of his had crossed the mountains and brought back a lively account of the fine forests and hunting-grounds now known as Kentucky. In those days it was sometimes called No-man's-land, because no one, neither white nor Indian, dwelt there. Oftener it was called "*The dark and bloody ground*," because the Indian tribes from the north and the south often met there in desperate conflict. In the hunting season the Indian parties from the north of the Ohio travelled into Kentucky to hunt the deer, bear,

buffalo, and wild turkey which abounded in the woods. At the same time Indian hunting-parties from southern Tennessee and Georgia did likewise, and war followed.

In May, 1769, Boone persuaded five other men to join him in a journey and hunting-trip across the forest-covered mountains into Kentucky. There was no wagon road, nor even a path for horses, there were no bridges across the rivers, and no huts for shelter. They started on foot with their rifles and packs, first climbing two ridges of mountains before descending into the valley of east Tennessee. Fording the rivers, they climbed the Cumberland Mountains, from which they could look down upon the hilly and forest-covered hunting-grounds of eastern Kentucky. They killed their own game and cooked it by the camp-fires. For five weeks they toiled through the lonely mountain forests before reaching the blue-grass region of Kentucky, "a land of running waters, of groves and glades, of prairies, cane-brakes, and stretches of lofty forests." Game was abundant. "The shaggy buffaloes had beaten out broad roads through the forest, the round-horned elk abounded, and, like the buffalo, travelled in bands through the woods and waving grass lands; the deer were numerous, while bears, wolves, and panthers were plentiful. Wherever there was a salt spring the country was thronged with wild beasts

of many kinds." For six months the men wandered through these rich hunting-grounds.

In December Boone and one companion were captured by Indians but made their escape. About this time Squire Boone, a brother of Daniel, travelled through the immense forest, and by good luck met his brother in Kentucky. The other men had returned home to North Carolina, and the "two brothers remained alone on the hunting-grounds throughout the winter, living in a little cabin." In the spring Squire Boone returned to the settlements to get horses and ammunition, and "for three months Daniel remained entirely alone in the wilderness, without salt, sugar, or flour, and without the companionship of even a dog or a horse." He hunted in the daytime and sometimes lay in the cane-brakes at night without a fire, to escape the notice of the Indians. He saw many signs of them and they sometimes visited his camp, but he always watched closely to avoid capture. In July his brother returned and other hunters joined them, making a small party, but the Indians became so hostile that they withdrew to the valley of the Cumberland. In the spring of 1771 Boone returned to his home on the Yadkin. His discoveries had now made Kentucky famous all along the border, and he with others desired to settle there with his family. It was a most dangerous undertaking. That part of Kentucky where Boone

wished to make his home was more than two hundred miles from any settlement, and the way between was through great mountains and forests. The Indians to both the north and the south were hostile and ready to waylay and kill the settlers.

Mr. Henderson, who wished to obtain large tracts of land in Kentucky, went first to the southern Indians, the Cherokees, and bought of them their right to the soil in Kentucky, but other Indians from the north laid claim to the same hunting-grounds. One of the Cherokees said to Boone, "Brother, we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it." It was the land between the Cumberland and the Kentucky river. As soon as the purchase was made Boone was sent by Mr. Henderson with thirty men to make a road for pack-horses, from the Holston, in east Tennessee, to Kentucky. This was the first path through the wilderness, and was afterward well known as the *Wilderness Road*, or Boone's trail. In March the men started, with rifles and axes. The way led through Cumberland Gap and across the Cumberland and other rivers where there were fords, or shallow places fit for crossing. The men cut a narrow path through bushy thickets and cane-brakes and marked the way through open forests by blazing, or cutting the tree trunks with axes. After two weeks' hard work they reached the banks of the Kentucky River.

As they lay around their camp-fires one morning at daybreak, they were attacked by Indians, who killed two of them. The others sprang to arms and drove off the savages.

The party kept on their course, and on the 1st of April reached an open place on the Kentucky and began to build a fort, afterward known as Boonesborough. Henderson, with a larger party of settlers, was to follow Boone. "He took wagons with him, but was obliged to halt and leave them in Powell's valley; for beyond that, even so skilful a pathfinder and roadmaker as Boone had not been able to find or make a way passable for wheels. So their goods and implements were placed on pack-horses and the company started again. They carried with them seed corn and Irish potatoes, to plant and to use on the journey. They had bacon, and corn-meal which was made into corn-dodgers and johnny-cakes, which were simply cooked on a board beside the fire, on a hot stone, or in the ashes." Sometimes a beef from the herd which the emigrants drove with them was killed, but generally they lived on game, — deer, turkeys, or buffalo. In the evening, after pitching tent, the men would go out to hunt the buffalo. In places the mountains were very steep and sometimes it rained and snowed. The greatest hardship was in crossing the rivers, the banks were so rotten and miry, and some-

times the packs had to be ferried across on logs. "One day in going along a creek, they had to cross it no less than fifty times by very bad fords."

They met some of the pioneers returning in fright to their homes beyond the mountains, for straggling war-parties had attacked and killed some of the settlers. In April the party of Henderson reached the fort that Boone was building, and was welcomed with a volley of guns. The country was looking its best, the woods being full of leaves and blossoms. All at once set to work to finish the fort. It was built of logs, in the shape of a rectangle, 250 feet long and 125 feet wide. On each corner was a two-story log house with loop-holes to shoot from with rifles. A stockade, or high fence, was built of log posts sunk into the ground and firmly fastened together. Log houses were built along the sides, but separated from one another. A heavy gate stood in the centre of each of the longer sides. The cattle and horses were driven into the fort and kept in the large open space. The Indians tried several times to capture the place. One day while two girls, one of them a daughter of Boone, were rowing in a boat within sight of the fort, the Indians crept up and seized the girls, carrying them off as prisoners. The girls were cunning enough to drop shreds of their clothing, and to break branches of trees now and then, to guide those

who might follow them. Boone and his men at once gave pursuit and recaptured the girls.

In one of the battles with the Indians, Boone and about twenty-five of his companions were captured and carried as prisoners across the Ohio. After staying

BOONESBOROUGH IN WINTER

awhile in the Indian villages in Ohio, they were taken to Detroit, the headquarters of the British and Indians in the Northwest. At Detroit most of the prisoners were ransomed and set free. But Black Fish, one of the great Indian chiefs, wanted to adopt Boone as his son and to make him a member of his tribe. As there

was no way of escape, Boone submitted. All the hair was plucked from his head except the scalp-lock; he was then painted, decked with feathers, and dressed like an Indian. For several months he thus lived among them as an Indian and hunted with them. In the shooting matches he was careful not to excel the Indians, and thus to arouse their envy. They always counted carefully the number of bullets they gave him before going out to hunt, and measured the amount of powder, and required that he bring back game for every bullet. But Boone was more cunning than they. He cut the bullets in two and used only a half a bullet at a time.

After staying among the Indians several months, having been well treated by them, he discovered that they were getting ready to march into Kentucky to capture Boonesborough. Knowing that his friends were at the post and were not prepared for an attack, he resolved, in spite of the danger, to escape. Pretending to start out on a hunt, he got away from the camp and quickly turned his steps toward Kentucky. It was a wild, hilly, and rough country through which he had to journey. The Indians soon found out that he had deserted and started, 150 strong, in his pursuit. Boone succeeded in throwing them off the track and hastened on to the Ohio. He had some difficulty in crossing the river, as he was not a good swimmer, but having found a canoe

hidden near the bank, he rowed across. Having crossed the river, he killed a wild turkey with his rifle and obtained thus the first full meal he had had on his journey. In four days from the time of his escape, having travelled forty miles a day, he reached Boonesborough, to the astonishment of his friends.

The fort was indeed in a poor state for defence but all began at once to prepare for the expected attack. Game and other provisions were collected, the cattle, horses, and swine brought in as rapidly as possible, and water was carried from the river and spring. The stockade and houses were strengthened; but before the preparations were finished the Indians appeared, several hundred strong, before the fort and demanded its surrender. Boone asked for two days to consider the matter and went on gathering provisions. At the end of the time, he stood on the palisade and, shouting to the Indians, thanked them for waiting so long, and ended by saying that he and his friends would defend the fort to the last. The Indians now offered to make peace with the backwoodsmen, and proposed that twelve men from among the Indians and twelve men of the whites should meet in council outside the fort. Boone agreed to this, and selected twelve of his most powerful men, fearing treachery on the part of the Indians. After the council had begun, each of the Indians suddenly seized one of

the white men, but the latter tore themselves loose from the Indians and ran for their lives, while the riflemen at the fort held the Indians back from the pursuit. The Indians then tried to storm the place, but the forty picked riflemen, ever alert, from behind the stockade and loopholes of the houses, kept them at a respectful distance. The Indians climbed into the trees and shot down into the fort; they crept up at night and set fire to the houses and stockade, but the defenders put out the fires. The Indians even tried to dig a tunnel running under the wall, and to come up suddenly inside the fort, but their plan was seen and they were driven away. After many days of vain attacks, having had thirty-seven killed and others wounded, they gave up the attempt and marched back into Ohio. This was the last serious effort made by the Indians to capture Boonesborough. After the savages were gone the backwoodsmen picked out of the logs of the fort many pounds of lead which had been left by the Indians.

Boone remained for a number of years one of the Kentucky leaders. He fought several battles with the Indians, at one of which his eldest son fell at his side and the whites were badly defeated. But other forts were built in eastern Kentucky and the Indians at last ceased to make war upon them. The pioneers usually lived on their clearings, building log huts and cutting

away the forest to get fields for corn and gardens. But in time of danger from the Indians the settlers flocked, with their families and cattle, to the forts. Each man had at least four hundred acres of land, to which he made good his claim by clearing a small field and building a log hut. Corn was his chief crop, and when out hunting or in war the parched grains of corn in his wallet were often his only food. The settlers also planted orchards and raised melons, fruits, and vegetables.

The cabin was built of unhewn logs, being often only one room, with a loft. "The floor was made of puncheons, great slabs of wood hewed out carefully, and the roof of clapboards. Pegs of wood were thrust into the sides of the house to serve instead of a wardrobe. Buck-antlers, thrust into the joists, held the ever-ready rifles. The table was a great clapboard set on four wooden legs. There were three-legged stools, and in the better sort of houses, old-fashioned rocking-chairs. The couch or bed was warmly covered with blankets, bearskins, and deer-hides. In one family there was a huge elkskin which the children called *ellick*. On cold nights they quarrelled for its possession, as it was very warm. But if the hair side were turned in it became slippery, and apt to slide off the bed."

As Kentucky became more thickly settled and the game was driven out, Boone, who loved hunting and soli-

tude, pushed westward. He finally crossed over into southern Missouri and spent his old age as a hunter in the forests of that state.

There were many other noted hunters and backwoodsmen in Kentucky besides Boone. One of them, Kenton, was a close friend of Boone. Once, at Boonesborough, he saved the life of Boone, shooting an Indian who was on the point of tomahawking him. "Kenton was a tall man, of great strength and agility, famous as a runner and wrestler, and an unerring shot. He was a pleasant and obliging man." With Boone as captain, he went to the Scioto on an Indian raid. "Pushing ahead of the rest, he was attracted by the sound of laughter in a canebrake. Hiding himself, he soon saw two Indians approach, both riding on one small pony, and chatting and laughing together in great good humor. Aiming carefully, he brought down both at once, one dead, and the other severely wounded. As he rushed up to finish his work, his quick ear caught a rustle in the cane, and looking round he saw two more Indians aiming at him. A rapid spring to one side, on his part, made both balls miss. Other Indians came up, but at the same time Boone and his companions appeared, running as fast as they could, while still keeping sheltered. A brisk skirmish followed and the Indians retreated."

When Boone returned to the fort, Kenton stayed

behind and succeeded in stealing four good horses, which he brought back in triumph. Much pleased with his success, he shortly afterward made another raid into the Indian country, this time with two companions. They succeeded in driving off a whole drove of 160 horses, which they brought in safety to the banks of the Ohio. But a strong wind was blowing and the river was so rough that in spite of all their efforts they could not get the horses to cross. As soon as the beasts were beyond their depth, they would turn round and swim back. The reckless adventurers could not make up their minds to leave their booty and wasted so much time in trying to get the beasts to keep to the water that the pursuing Indians came up and surprised them. Their guns had become wet and useless. One of the men was killed, another escaped, and Kenton was captured. The Indians asked him whether Captain Boone had sent him to steal horses and when he answered frankly that the stealing was his own idea, they proceeded to beat him lustily with their ramrods. They staked him out at night, tied so that he could move neither hand nor foot, and during the day he was bound on an unbroken horse, with his hands tied behind him so that he could not protect himself from the trees and bushes. This was repeated every day. After three days he reached the town of Chillicothe, stiffened and bleeding. Next morning he

was led out to run the gauntlet. A row of men, women, and boys, a quarter of a mile long, was formed, each with a tomahawk or club. At the end of the line was an Indian with a big drum and beyond was the council house, which, if reached, would, for the time being, protect the captive. At the moment for starting, the big drum was beaten. Kenton sprang forward in the race. Keeping his wits about him, he suddenly turned to one side and darted off, with the whole tribe after him. His wonderful speed and activity enabled him to keep ahead and to dodge those who got in his way, and by a sudden double he rushed through an opening in the crowd and reached the council house, having been struck but three or four blows. He was not further molested that evening.

Next morning a council was held to decide whether Kenton should be burned at the stake at once or should first be led round through the villages. The warriors sat in a ring to pass judgment, handing the war-club from one to another. Those who passed it in silence thereby voted in favor of sparing the prisoner for the moment, while those who struck it violently on the ground thus showed their belief that he should be immediately put to death. It was decided to spare him for a little while and Kenton was led from town to town. At each place he was tied to the stake to be switched and beaten by the women and

boys; or else he was forced to run the gauntlet, while sand was thrown into his eyes and guns loaded with powder were fired against his body to burn his flesh. Once, while on the march, he made a bold rush for liberty, all maimed though he was, breaking out of the line and running into the forest. His speed was so great and his wind so good that he fairly outran his pursuers; but by ill luck, when almost exhausted, he came against another party of Indians. After this he gave himself up to despair and was often terribly abused by his captors. His face was painted black, the death color, and he was twice sentenced to be burned alive. But each time he was saved at the last moment, once at Pickaway Plains, once at Sandusky (once by Girty, an old comrade, who had joined the Indians, and once by the great chief, Logan). At last, after having run the gauntlet eight times and having been thrice tied to the stake, he was ransomed by some English traders and carried to Detroit. "They hoped to get valuable information from him about the border forts. Here he stayed till his battered, wounded body was healed." Then, in company with two other Kentucky prisoners, he got some guns and escaped. Going straight down through the great forests to Kentucky, they reached their homes in safety.

CHAPTER VI

ROBERTSON AND THE SETTLEMENT OF TENNESSEE[1]

ROBERTSON was a pioneer in the early settlement of Tennessee. Like Boone, he lived in North Carolina; in 1770 he decided to cross the mountains in search of a choice place for settlement. "He started off alone on his exploring expedition, rifle in hand, and a good horse under him. He crossed the ranges that continue northward, the Great Smokies, and spent the summer in the beautiful hill country where the springs of the western waters flowed from the ground. He had never seen so lovely a land. The high valleys, through which the currents ran, were hemmed in by towering mountain walls, with cloud-capped peaks. The fertile loam forming the bottoms was densely covered with the growth of the old forest. Robertson was well treated by the few settlers already there, and stayed long enough to raise a crop of corn, the stand-by of the backwoods pioneer. Like every other hunter, explorer, and Indian fighter, he lived on the game he shot and the small quantity of maize he could carry with him. In the late fall, however, when

[1] Authority: Roosevelt's "Winning of the West."

recrossing the mountains on his way home through the trackless forest, both game and corn failed him. He lost his way, was forced to leave his horse among the steep precipices, and finally found his rifle useless, owing to the powder having been soaked. For fourteen days he lived almost entirely on nuts and wild berries, and was on the point of death from starvation, when he met two hunters on horseback, who fed him and let him ride their horses by turns, and brought him safely to his home.

"He at once prepared to set out with his family for the new land. His accounts greatly excited his neighbors, and sixteen families made ready to go with him. The little caravan started, with Robertson as guide, as soon as the ground had dried after the winter rains, in the spring of 1771. They travelled, the men on foot, rifle on shoulder, the elder children driving the lean cows, while the women, the young children, and the few household goods and the tools, were carried on the backs of pack-horses. On reaching the Watauga, in what is now the northeast of Tennessee, they found a few Virginia settlers who had come down the great valley. On an island in the river, Robertson built a house of logs, with the bark still on them on the outside, though hewed smooth within. It had several rooms and a loft, a roof of split saplings, held down by weighty poles, a log veranda in front, and a

huge fireplace of sticks and stones laid in clay, wherein the pile of blazing logs roared loudly in cool weather.

"He had been married three years and had been 'learning his letters and to spell' from his well-educated wife, for he could not read when married." But he soon became a leading man in the little settlement. In order to prevent trouble with the Indians, Robertson and one other man were sent toward the south to make a treaty with the Cherokees. They succeeded, and the Indians agreed, for six thousand dollars' worth of blankets, paints, and muskets, to grant the settlers the use of all the lands along the Watauga for eight years. "After the lease was signed, a day was appointed on which to hold a great race, as well as wrestling matches and other sports, at Watauga. Besides the whites, many Indians were present. All went well till evening, when some lawless whites, from a neighboring settlement, who were keeping in the woods, killed an Indian, whereat his fellows left the spot in great anger." But Robertson, leaving the others to build a strong palisaded fort, set off alone through the woods and followed the great war-trail to the Cherokee towns. His mission was one of great peril, for there was danger that the justly angered savages would take his life. But he was a bold man, quiet and resolute. Besides, the Cherokees knew him and trusted his word. He also knew well how to deal with the

Indians. He persuaded the chiefs and warriors to meet him in council, told them of the sorrow and anger with which the Watauga people looked upon the murder, and ended by saying that he would try to have the wrong-doer arrested and punished. The Indians were pleased with Robertson's words and agreed to pass the matter by. Then he returned to the settlement with the good news.

For several years the Watauga settlers were not disturbed. They lived in peace, hunting and farming, making clearings and raising cattle, horses, hogs, and sheep. For ten years Robertson lived among these settlers and was prosperous. But in the year 1779 he decided to push westward several hundred miles and found a new settlement. Many other adventurous settlers wished to go with him and take their families. In the spring of 1779 Robertson left the Watauga settlement with eight companions. He followed Boone's Wilderness Road through Cumberland Gap and crossed the Cumberland River. "Then he struck southwest through the wilderness, following in many places the well-beaten buffalo trails which were very distinct near the pools and springs. The travellers were going toward the great bend of the Cumberland, and fixed upon a place called 'The Bluffs' or the 'French Lick,' afterwards known as Nashville." Having reached the place, they planted a corn-field on the site of the future town, put up some cabins, and then returned to

Great Herd of Buffalo

their families on the Watauga, leaving three or four of their number to keep the buffaloes out of the corn. When the first hunters went to The Bluffs in 1769, "the buffa-

loes were more numerous than they had ever seen them before. The ground shook under the gallop of the mighty herds, they crowded in dense throngs about the salt licks, and the forest resounded with their grunting bellows.

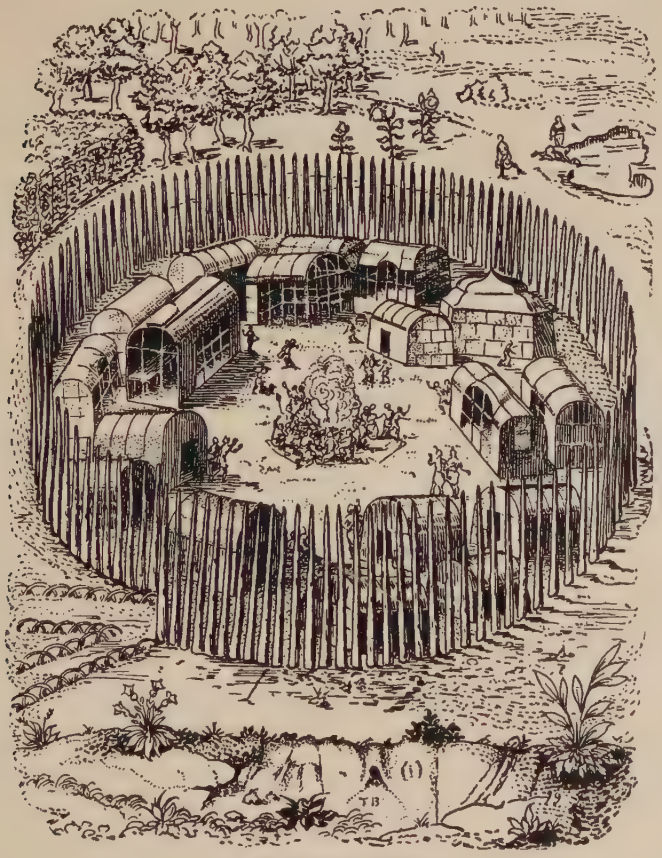
"In the fall many men came out to the new settlement, guided by Robertson and other pioneer leaders. Robertson's special partner was a man named Donelson. The latter went by water and took a large party of emigrants, including all the women and children. Among them was also Robertson's entire family and Rachel, a daughter of Donelson, afterward the wife of Andrew Jackson. Robertson, meanwhile, was to lead the men by land so that they might get there first and make ready for the coming of their families. The men and some families who had gone by land reached The Bluffs about Christmas. One man had taken with him twenty-one horned cattle and seventeen horses, the only ones which any man had succeeded in bringing to the Cumberland." The settlers and families who went by water had a more difficult and dangerous journey. From Watauga they passed in boats down the Tennessee, then up the Ohio and Cumberland to Nashville.

"Donelson's fleet, after being joined by a number of other boats at the mouth of the Clinch, consisted of some thirty craft, all told, flatboats, dugouts, and canoes." The chief boat was the *Adventure,* a great scow, in which

were over thirty men, besides the families of some of them. There were between two hundred and three hundred people. "They started the twenty-second day of December, but falling water and heavy frosts detained them two months, and the voyage did not really begin till the twenty-seventh day of February. The first ten days were uneventful. The *Adventure* spent an afternoon and night on a shoal, until the water fortunately rose, and all the men getting out, the clumsy scow was floated off. Another boat was driven on the point of an island and sunk, her crew being nearly drowned, whereupon the rest of the boats put to shore, the sunken boat was raised and bailed out and most of her cargo recovered. At one landing-place a man went out to hunt and got lost, not being taken up again for three days, though many guns were fired to fetch him in, and the four-pounder on the *Adventure* was discharged for the same purpose. A negro became 'much frosted in his feet and legs, of which he died.'" Wherever the river widened, a strong wind and waves forced the boats to lie to, especially the small canoes.

The voyagers soon reached the first Chickamauga town on the south shore. The Indians pretended to be friendly, at the same time sending out canoes full of armed men to threaten them; but the whites steered away from that shore and left the Indians behind. As the boats

kept close to the opposite shore they were fired upon by Indians in ambush and one man was killed. "There



An Indian Town

was one boat-load of twenty-eight men, women, and children among whom smallpox had broken out. To guard against infection, it was agreed that it should keep

well to the rear, being warned each night by the sound of a horn when it was time to go to camp. As this forlorn boat-load of unfortunates came along far behind the others, the Indians, seeing its defenceless position, sallied out in their canoes and butchered or captured all who were aboard. Their cries were distinctly heard by the people in the hindmost boats, who could not stem the current and return to their rescue. But a dreadful punishment fell upon the Indians, for they were infected with the disease and it raged for several months among many of the bands of Creeks and Cherokees, so that multitudes perished.

"When the boats entered the narrows, they had lost sight of the Indians on shore, and thought they had left them behind. One man, who was in a canoe, had gone aboard one of the larger boats with his family, for the sake of safety while passing through the rough water. His canoe was towed alongside, and in the rapids was overturned and the cargo lost. The rest of the company, pitying his distress over the loss of all his worldly goods, landed, to see if they could not help him to recover some of his property. Just as they got out on the shore to walk back, the Indians suddenly appeared almost over them on the high cliffs opposite, and began to fire, causing a hurried retreat to the boats. For some distance the Indians lined the bluffs, firing from the heights into

the boats below. Yet only four people were wounded, and they not dangerously. One of them was a girl named Nancy Gower. When, by the sudden onslaught of the Indians, the crew in which she was were thrown into dismay, she took the helm and steered, exposed to the fire of the savages. A ball went through the upper part of one of her thighs, but she neither flinched nor uttered any cry. It was not known that she was hurt until after the danger was past, and her mother saw the blood soaking through her clothes. She recovered, married one of the frontiersmen, and lived for fifty years afterward, long enough to see all the wilderness filled with flourishing and populous states.

"Jonathan Jennings's clumsy boat stuck on a rock at the upper end of the *whirl*, as the rapids were called. The swift current made it impossible for other boats to come to the relief of this one, and they were obliged to drift by and leave Jennings to his fate. The Indians soon turned their whole attention to the disabled boat, and opened a galling fire upon it from the bluffs. He returned it as well as he could, keeping them somewhat in check, for he was an excellent marksman. At the same time he directed his two negroes, a man and woman, a nearly grown son, and a young man who was with them, to lighten the boat by throwing his goods into the river. Before this was done, the negro man, the son, and the other young

man, most basely jumped into the river and swam ashore. But the negro was killed in the water and the other two were captured, one of them being afterward burned at the stake. Meanwhile, Mrs. Jennings, assisted by Mrs. Payton and the negro woman, actually succeeded in shoving the lightened boat off the rock, though their clothes were cut in many places by the bullets, and they rapidly drifted out of danger. Sailing by night as well as by day, they caught up with the rest of the boats before the dawn of the second morning afterward.

"Having successfully run the gauntlet of Chickamauga, they were only once more molested by the Indians. The boats drifted near the shore at one place, and they were fired upon by a roving band of Indians and five men were wounded. They ran over the great Muscle Shoals in about three hours, without accident, though the boats scraped the bottom here and there. The swift, broken water surged into high waves and roared through the driftwood that covered the points of small islands, round which the current ran in every direction.

"On the 20th of the month they reached the Ohio. Some of the boats then left for Natchez, and others for the Illinois country, while the rest turned their prows upstream, to stem the rapid current, which was very difficult. The work was very hard, the provisions nearly gone, and the crews were almost worn out with hunger and fatigue.

The *Adventure*, the heaviest of all the craft, got much help from a small square sail that was set up at the bow. Two days after entering the Cumberland, the hungry company killed some buffalo, and feasted on the lean meat, and the next day they shot a swan, which was very delicious. They had no more meal to make bread with, but buffaloes were plenty, and they hunted them steadily for meat. They also made what was called *Shawnee salad*, from a kind of green herb that grew in the bottoms."

It was not till the 24th of April that they reached Big Salt Lick (Nashville) where they found Robertson awaiting them. The long, toilsome, and perilous voyage was at an end. There were then about five hundred settlers at The Bluffs and scattered in stations along the river. The whites did not expect to be disturbed by the Indians. As there were fine farm lands in the neighborhood, the settlers began to scatter out and make claims, although Robertson warned them against the Indians.

The great valley of middle Tennessee belonged to no single tribe, but many tribes claimed it as their hunting-ground. In April roving bands of Delawares, Chickasaws, and Choctaws began to trouble the settlements. Soon the outlying cabins were deserted and all the settlers gathered into the stockades. The central station was that at The Bluffs, where Robertson built a little stockaded village. The other stations were scattered along both

sides of the river. Not only was there distress because of the Indians, but lawless whites were causing trouble by wronging the Indians or killing the stock of the colonists. There were also disputes among the settlers about land claims. Robertson therefore called a meeting of delegates from the different stations, at Nashborough, to form a government. It was agreed that twelve judges should be elected at the different stations to form a court to settle land disputes and other troubles. Officers were also appointed to lead the settlers against the Indians. Robertson was one of the judges and also first colonel of the militia.

The chief danger was from the Indians. In April, as before stated, they began to attack the settlers, kill the stock, and drive off the horses. Among those killed was a son of Robertson. The savages felt jealous of the white hunters who were killing and driving off the game, and gathered from different quarters to drive away the colonists. The settlers were shot as they worked on their clearings, gathering the corn crops, or ventured outside the walls of the stockades. Hunters were killed as they stooped to drink at the springs or lay in wait at the licks. The Indians often imitated the gobblings of the wild turkey or the cries of wild beasts to lure the hunters to death. Robertson led several bands against the Indians but it was difficult to overtake or chastise them. Horses

and cattle had been brought into the new settlements in some number during the year, but the savages killed or drove off most of them, shooting the hogs and horned stock and stealing the riding animals. The loss of the milk cows was severely felt by the women. Besides these troubles there were heavy floods in the bottom lands, which destroyed most of the corn crop.

The settlers were greatly discouraged and many left the country. All but two of the stockades were deserted and the settlers were anxious to return through the forests to east Tennessee. But Robertson, though he had suffered as much as anybody, remained steadfast. He strongly urged upon the settlers the danger of flight through the wilderness. The land about them was so beautiful and fertile that it was well worth the risk of holding it. The settlers were encouraged by Robertson's confidence and courage, and they decided to remain. "As their corn had failed them, they got their food from the woods; some gathered quantities of walnuts, hickory-nuts, and shellbarks, and the hunters wrought havoc among the vast herds of game. During the early winter, one party of twenty men, that went up Caney Fork on a short trip, killed 105 bears, 75 buffaloes, and 87 deer, and brought the flesh and hides back to the stockades in canoes, so that through the winter there was no lack of jerked and smoke-dried meat."

The hunters were good marksmen and used the small-bore rifle, that needed but little powder, of which they were very saving. Nevertheless, by the beginning of winter, both powder and bullets began to fail. Robertson at once offered to travel alone through the woods and barrens to Kentucky to get ammunition. It was a dreary journey, through a snow-covered region, where hunted many Indians. Robertson set out at once, alone, and reached Kentucky, where he got plenty of powder, and without delay began his return journey to the Cumberland. "He travelled through the frozen woods, trusting solely to his own sharp senses for safety. On the evening of January 15, 1781, he reached Friedland Station, near Nashville, and was joyfully received by the inmates. They supped late, and then sat up still later, talking matters over. When they went to bed, all were tired, and neglected to take the usual precautions against surprise. But at that time they did not fear any attack. They slept heavily, none keeping watch. Robertson alone was wakeful and suspicious; and even during his light slumbers, his keen and long-trained senses were on the alert. At midnight all was still. The moon shone brightly down on the square blockhouses and stockaded yard of the lonely little frontier fort. Its rays lit up the clearing, and by contrast darkened the black shadow of the surrounding forest. None of the sleepers within

the log walls dreamed of danger, but an Indian war-band was lurking near by, and was about to attack the fort in the darkness. In the dead of night the attempt was made. One by one the warriors left the protection of the tangled wood-growth, slipped silently across the open space, and crouched under the heavy timber pickets of the palisades, until all had gathered together. Though the gate was fastened with a strong bar and chain, the dexterous savages contrived to open it. In so doing they made a slight noise, which caught Robertson's quick ear as he lay on his buffalo-hide pallet. Jumping up, he saw the gate open and dusky figures gliding into the yard with stealthy swiftness. At his cry of *Indians* and the report of his piece, the settlers sprang up, every man grasping the loaded gun by which he slept. From each log cabin the rifles cracked and flashed, and though the Indians were actually within the yard, they had no cover, and the sudden and unexpected resistance caused them to hurry out much faster than they had come in. Robertson shot one of their number, and they in turn killed a white man who sprang out of doors at the first alarm. When they were driven out the gate was closed after them. Robertson's return was at a most favorable moment. As often before and afterward he saved the settlement from destruction."

On the 2d of April a large war party of Cherokees

made an attempt on Nashborough. They approached the fort at night, lying hid in the bushes, divided into two parties, a larger and a smaller. In the morning three of them came near, fired at the fort, and ran off toward the smaller party who lay ambushed in a thicket in a ravine. Instantly twenty men mounted their horses and galloped after the decoys. As they overtook the fugitives, they saw the Indians hid in the creek bottom and dismounted to fight, turning their horses loose. A smart interchange of shots followed and the whites were getting rather the best of it, when the other and larger body of Indians rose from their hiding-place, in a clump of cedars, and running down, formed a line between the white men and the fort, intending to run into the fort with the fleeing riflemen. The only chance for the whites, hemmed in, was to turn and force their way back through their more numerous foes. But their pieces were all discharged and there was no time to reload them. They were helped, however, by two unexpected circumstances. Their horses had taken fright at the firing and had run off toward the fort, passing to one side of the Indians. Many of the latter, eager for such booty, ran to catch them. Meanwhile, the remaining men in the fort saw what had happened and made ready for defence, while all the women likewise snatched guns or axes and stood by loopholes and gates. The dogs at

the fort were also taking a keen interest in what was going on. They were stout, powerful animals, some being hounds and others watch-dogs, but all accustomed to contests with wild beasts; and by instinct and training they hated Indians. Seeing a line of savages drawn up between the fort and their masters, they promptly sallied out and made a furious onset upon their astonished foes. Taking advantage of this, the whites ran through the lines and got into the fort, the Indians being completely occupied in defending themselves from the dogs. Five of the whites were killed and two wounded, while the Indians lost about as many. The gates were now closed and the whites ready, and this was the last attempt of the Indians to capture a palisaded fort in Tennessee. But in the two years following the settlers were so much troubled by the Indians that they again proposed to return to eastern Tennessee. It was only Robertson's great influence which prevented this.

At the end of two years, in 1783, the Revolution closed and settlers began to flock to Tennessee and the Indian troubles became less. The government was also again organized. Robertson became chairman of the Court of Judges, and a clerk and a sheriff were appointed to carry out its decisions. Arrangements were made for a proper survey of the lands of the settlers and for a settlement of disputes between landowners. The

judges had also the duty of punishing thefts and crimes on the part of lawless men, of whom many had come to Tennessee. "Besides the militia, a small force of regulars was organized, that is, six spies were kept out to watch the motions of the Indians, each spy to receive seventy-five bushels of Indian corn per month. They were under the direction of Colonel Robertson, who was the leading man in all parts of the government."

It has been seen that the lawless whites were often a source of as much trouble to the better class of settlers as the Indians. They would shoot cattle and inflict injuries upon the Indians which brought danger to all the settlements. In 1781 fifteen men, under the leadership of one Colbert, passed down the river to the Mississippi in boats and then descended that stream to plunder the Spanish settlements along its banks. They were joined by some Chickasaw Indians and captured several Spanish boats. But at last they were defeated and scattered by the Spaniards themselves. The Spaniards, of course, would blame the Cumberland settlers for sending out such lawless men. Robertson and other leading men of the settlement, in order to avoid difficulty, at once wrote to the Spaniards at New Orleans, and sent a messenger, saying that Colbert and his men were outlaws and the settlers on the Cumberland were

not responsible for their deeds. An order was also issued by the leading men that no one should trade with the Indians until a license was granted and a guaranty of good behavior was secured from the traders. Many desired to obtain a treaty of peace with the Indians to the south, but they were afraid to bring so many Indians and whites together, for fear of some outrage. At last it was decided to hold a great peace council with them. It took place near Nashborough. "The selling of liquors to the Indians was strictly prohibited. At the appointed time many chiefs and warriors of the Chickasaws, Cherokees, and even Creeks appeared. There were various sports, such as ball games and foot races, and the treaty was brought to a satisfactory conclusion. It did not completely stop the Indian outrages, but it greatly diminished them."

Robertson kept up a correspondence with the Spanish governor of New Orleans and some trade was established, by means of the river, between the Cumberland settlements and the Spaniards on the lower Mississippi. At times, also, the Spanish agents attempted to stir up the savages against the people of Tennessee, so as to hinder them from further settlement to the south and west. These troubles, however, were settled, and the people along the Cumberland lived, for the most part, on friendly terms with the Spaniards.

CHAPTER VII

SEVIER AND THE HISTORY OF EAST TENNESSEE[1]

JOHN SEVIER was a friend of Robertson and was even more famous than he in the early history of east Tennessee. For several years they had lived as neighbors in the Watauga settlement and they fought and served together in many Indian campaigns. Sevier was born in Virginia, the son of a French Huguenot, and came to Watauga in 1772. "He was a very handsome man, tall, fair-skinned, blue-eyed, brown-haired, of slender build, with erect, military carriage and bearing, his lithe, finely proportioned figure being well set off by the hunting-shirt which he almost invariably wore." Sevier was well educated and had great influence over the backwoodsmen because of his daring courage, kindness, and generosity. He was for many years the most renowned Indian fighter in the Southwest and was the type of a hospitable southern gentleman. In 1776 Sevier was living in the valley of east Tennessee, when the Cherokee Indians from the south crossed through the mountain valleys and marched up the valley of the

[1] Authority: Roosevelt's "Winning of the West."

Tennessee, laying waste the fields, burning houses, and killing men, women, and children. The settlers fled with such few articles as they could carry, to the stockaded forts. This happened at the breaking out of the Revolution, and the Indians had been prompted to take up the tomahawk and scalping-knife by British agents among them, who furnished the savages with guns and ammunition. The villages of the Cherokees, many in number, were among the mountain ranges of northern Georgia and western North Carolina. They attempted to fall upon the Watauga settlements unexpectedly, but an Indian squaw brought word to the settlers of the uprising. Men with their families fled to the forts, and the well-trained backwoods scouts watched the movements of the Indians, so as to carry word to any fort about to be attacked and to summon the riflemen of the neighborhood to its defence.

There were many bands of the Cherokees, one of the largest of which was led by the great chief, Dragging Canoe. As the bands pushed northward through the valley, many backwoodsmen gathered at Eaton's Station, at the forks of the Holston. They were good marksmen, hardy, and full of fight, and, after a council was held, "they decided not to stay cooped up in the fort, like turkeys in a pen, while the Indians ravaged the fields and burnt the homesteads, but to march out against them."

One hundred and seventy strong, they sallied forth, and, marching in two parallel lines in Indian file, with scouts thrown out on each side, to prevent surprise, they bent their steps in silence toward "Island Flats," a level tract of woodland on the Holston. As they came near the Flats, they surprised a body of twenty Indians, who fled, leaving their baggage. It being late in the day, the captains decided to return to the fort, though many of the men wished to advance against the Indians. They had started back, when the scouts brought word that the Indians, believing the backwoodsmen to be retreating, were rushing forward to attack them in the rear. The men at once wheeled round and formed a line of battle, and spreading out, concealed themselves behind trees and bushes. The warriors rushed forward, led by Dragging Canoe himself. Calling upon his men to come and scalp the whites, he raised a war-whoop and made a furious onset, but the backwoodsmen, with their long rifles, waited till the Indians were near at hand and then poured in a volley that checked the advance. A short fight followed at close quarters; Dragging Canoe was badly injured and the Indians fled in disorder, carrying off their wounded. The Indians lost thirteen killed, while the whites had four wounded; the victors took much plunder.

On the same day another band of Indians made an attack on the Watauga fort, where Robertson and Sevier

were in command. There were many women and children in the fort and but forty or fifty riflemen. As the Indians came up the valley, Sevier sent word northward into Virginia that the savages were advancing with the intention of driving all the whites out of east Tennessee, but he made no request for help. He was so fearless as to believe that they would be able, unaided, to drive back the Indians. No help could come from the east on account of the mountains. One morning, as the Indians advanced in the early twilight, they were detected and forced back by the well-directed shots from the portholes. The Indians kept up the siege about three weeks. Some of the men, weary of being cooped up in the fort, ventured out and four were killed. "Tradition relates that Sevier, now a young widower, fell in love with the woman he soon afterward married, during the siege. Her name was Kate Sherrill, tall, brown-haired, and comely. One day, while without the fort, she was almost surprised by the Indians. Running like a deer, she reached the stockade, sprang up so as to catch the top with her hands, and drawing herself over was caught by Sevier on the other side. Through a loop-hole he had already shot the foremost of her pursuers. While the foe was still lurking about the fort, the people within were forced to subsist solely on parched corn." About the time the Indians were departing, backwoodsmen came from the other forts

to assist the besieged. All through the valley the Indians had been forced to withdraw, having suffered greater loss than they had inflicted. In the fall of this year an army of two thousand men, mostly from Virginia, but joined by the Watauga men, marched southward against the

Governor Sevier's Later Home on Nolichucky River (1900)

northern Cherokees. The Indians retreated before this force and their villages were laid waste until they begged for peace.

The Watauga settlements were now secure for a time from the Indians. From 1779 on Sevier was treated as commander of the militia. "He lived in a great, ram-

bling, one-story house, on the Nolichucky (a branch of the Tennessee), a rude, irregular building with broad verandas and great stone fireplaces. The rooms were in two groups, which were connected by a covered porch — a 'dog alley,' as the old settlers still call it, because the dogs are apt to sleep there at night. He kept open house to all comers, for he was very hospitable, and every one was welcome to bed and board, to apple-jack and cider, hominy and corn bread, beef, venison, bear meat, and wild fowl. When there was a wedding or merrymaking of any kind, he feasted the neighborhood, barbecuing oxen — that is, roasting them whole on great spits — and spreading broad tables out under the trees. He was ever ready to lead his mounted riflemen against the small parties of wandering Indians that came into the country. He soon became the best commander against the Indians in that part of the border, moving with a rapidity that enabled him again and again to overcome and scatter their roving parties, recovering the plunder and captives, and now and then taking a scalp or two himself. His skill and daring, together with his unfailing courtesy, ready tact, and hospitality, gained him unbounded influence with the frontiersmen, among whom he was universally known as 'Nolichucky Jack.' "

In 1776 the Watauga settlers numbered about six hundred people. They were partly from Virginia and

partly from North Carolina. They were uncertain for a while whether their lands lay within the limits of North Carolina or Virginia.

Without waiting to settle this matter they had previously formed, in 1772, a government among themselves. The reasons for this were as follows: Many rough men from North Carolina and other sections had drifted into these backwoods settlements; they were horse thieves, murderers, and other wild characters, and debtors, who thought they could find here a safe retreat and place to do as they pleased. They sometimes plundered the whites, murdered Indians, and got into savage brawls which seriously endangered the peace of the settlements. It was necessary that these men should be controlled, and punished for their crimes. Again, the lands of the settlers had belonged to the southwestern Indians (Cherokees, Creeks, and others), and it was necessary to make contracts with these Indians for the purchase of the lands and for protection in case of Indian attack.

In the third place, the settlers themselves were taking up new lands, and in order to avoid bitter disputes and bloodshed, the claims of settlers must be surveyed, titles to farms given and recorded, and disputes settled in a legal manner.

The people of all the settlements came together in a sort of town meeting, under the leadership of Robertson

and Sevier and formed their own government. They made a written constitution and arranged for a small legislature, consisting of thirteen members, one elected from each of the thirteen settlements or stockaded villages. From these thirteen, five men were chosen to form a committee to carry on the government. Robertson and Sevier were members of this committee. They tried cases, settled disputes, appointed military chiefs, and soon brought order into all these settlements. Roosevelt says, in "The Winning of the West," "They formed a written constitution, the first ever adopted west of the mountains, or by a community composed of American-born freemen."

These backwoods settlers lived in a rough and hardy way, felling the great trees and building log houses and barns, and living upon the game which they shot in the forests or on the lakes and rivers. Venison, bear's meat, and duck were abundant, and corn, beans, and pumpkins were raised in the clearings. One old man told how, when a boy, his mother rewarded him with a pint of cream for every swan he shot. There were many of the poor shiftless whites who drifted into the settlements from Virginia and North Carolina. They were dirty and wretched-looking, ignorant, and slovenly in their houses and surroundings. But most of the settlers were industrious, thrifty, and strong-

limbed, able to clear the forests, lay out farms, fight the Indians and Tories, and build up governments, churches, and homes.

Whenever the militia was disbanded after an Indian war, the horse thieves and Tories (friends of England in the Revolution) would begin to steal and plunder, and the settlers were compelled to form a sort of military or police company to hunt down the thieves and to restore order.

Sevier was soon chosen as the captain of the militia in Washington County, the Holston settlements, and was kept busy punishing the criminals and preserving order. Once a band of Tories tried to surprise and murder him, but he was warned by the wife of one of the men who had been kindly treated by Sevier's wife, and in consequence of this the Tories were beaten and their leaders slain.

The settlers along the Tennessee succeeded several times in making peace with the Cherokee and Creek Indians, who dwelt to the south. This was during the Revolutionary War, however, and British agents among the Indian tribes constantly stirred them up to make raids upon the settlers, plundering, scalping, and carrying white prisoners to their villages.

In the spring of 1777 peace had been made with the Indians but the young warriors would not be bound

by it and soon small parties of savages were on the war-path. Sevier, in command of the militia, scoured the woods, surprising and cutting off these war-parties till their raids almost ceased.

The chief, Dragging Canoe, had refused to make peace with the whites, but had retreated to the mountain gorges that lie along the Tennessee River, just west of Chattanooga. In this part of its course the river breaks through a series of mountain ridges where the waters foam through narrow, rocky passes and among steep cliffs. In the narrow wooded valleys between these mountain ridges, and almost out of reach of enemies, the warlike and dissatisfied Indians gathered about Dragging Canoe, and from these retreats bands of warriors were sent out against the white settlers. Indians from all the neighboring tribes and white ruffians were here joined together and were very dangerous to the peace of the settlements farther up the Tennessee River.

In 1778 these Chickamauga Indians, encouraged by British agents and by General Hamilton in Indiana, who had just captured Vincennes, started out three hundred strong to attack and plunder the upper Tennessee settlements. Hearing of this, the militia quickly collected several hundred in number, got together boats and paddled swiftly down the Tennessee River, and attacked

the Chickamauga Indian settlements, burning their town, and capturing many horses and cattle and large stores of hides. They killed a number of Indians and after doing such mischief as they wished, destroyed their boats and marched back home through the woods, living on game as they returned. The Indian war-party, hearing of this attack from swift runners, hastened back to their villages, to find them burned and plundered. Soon after this they begged for peace.

In the year 1780 the backwoodsmen of the Tennessee settlements heard that Lord Cornwallis and his colonels had driven the American patriots out of Georgia and the Carolinas, and that Colonel Ferguson, one of Cornwallis's best commanders, was ravaging the country just east of the Great Smoky Mountains, in the Carolinas. The fact that some companies of the Holston settlers had crossed the mountains and aided the Americans in their attacks upon the British caused Colonel Ferguson to send a message to the settlements, threatening to invade their country and to punish them.

This aroused a fierce spirit among the mountaineers. Shelby was the first to hear this news and he rode at once to Sevier's house on the Nolichucky; the two friends then decided to raise an army of backwoodsmen, which should suddenly cross the mountains eastward and teach the victorious British a lesson. Their neighbors of the

Holston region in Virginia were asked to send men and they did so, under Colonel Campbell. The forces soon met at the shoals of the Watauga. To supply money for provisions, Shelby and Sevier had to give their individual promises. "On the 26th of September they began the march, over a thousand strong, most of them mounted on swift, wiry horses. They were led by leaders they trusted, they were wonted to Indian warfare, they were skilled as horsemen and marksmen, they knew how to face every kind of danger, hardship, and privation. Their fringed and tasselled hunting-shirts were girded in by beadwork belts, and the trappings of their horses were stained red and yellow. On their heads they wore caps of coonskin or minkskin, with the tails hanging down, or else felt hats, in each of which was thrust a bucktail or sprig of evergreen. Every man carried a small-bore rifle, a tomahawk, and a scalping-knife. A very few of the officers had swords, and there was not a bayonet nor a tent in the army."[1]

The band crossed the mountains over rugged rocks and passes where it seemed impossible for horses to go. They crossed the plateau land deeply covered with snow, rode through the untrodden wilds of the eastern slopes, and camped in the valleys at the foot of the mountains September 30. The North Carolina militia joined them

[1] Roosevelt's "The Winning of the West," Vol. II.

here 350 strong, and other parties of patriots came in, till there were in all 1500 men. This little volunteer army had no commander, and to avoid disputes that were beginning to arise, and to give united action as they drew near the enemy, the six colonels got together and elected Colonel Campbell their chief, as he had brought together the greatest number of men. Ferguson, hearing how strong this force was, began to retreat toward the northeast and to send messengers to the British army for help.

The little army which had marched hard in crossing the mountains and in pursuing Ferguson was not in condition to move rapidly. Many of the horses were used up and the men jaded. The colonels decided to pick out seven hundred or eight hundred of their best-mounted men and push on rapidly to overtake Ferguson. This they did and October 6th they overtook Ferguson, who had taken a strong position on the top of a high, wooded ridge called King's Mountain. The backwoodsmen dismounted from their horses, and leaving them among the trees in the rear, they arranged to surround the ridge on all sides and attack the British in their stronghold. Some of the foot-soldiers had followed the horsemen and arrived in time to take part in the battle. The Americans were about nine hundred strong, and the British, under Ferguson, between nine hundred and a thousand, mostly Tories.

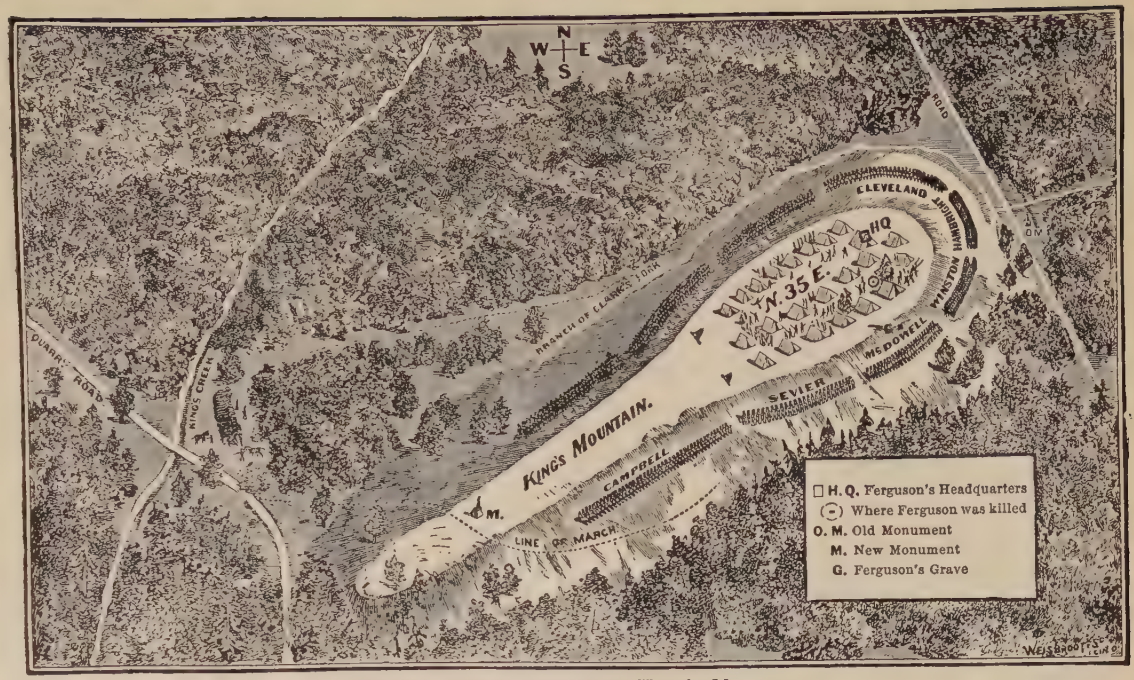


Diagram of the Battle of King's Mountain

Ferguson's army was well trained and supplied with bayonets, in the use of which they were skilful.

In the battle which followed, the Americans advanced to the attack and the British made a furious assault upon the front, driving back the Americans, who retreated, sheltering themselves behind trees like Indians. But while the British withdrew to meet the attack from the other side, the Americans in front returned to the battle, and thus the British were kept marching back and forth, repelling the Americans on all sides. The British were somewhat huddled together on the top of the ridge, while the Americans were scattered and sheltered by the trees. It was also easier for the Americans to shoot upward into the British lines than for the British to aim carefully downward. The battle raged furiously on all sides for an hour, swaying back and forth, the leaders on both sides heading their men and showing fearless courage. Ferguson rode back and forth on a charger, leading and directing his soldiers, but in exposing himself so dauntlessly to the sharpshooters he was pierced by more than one ball and fell dead from his horse. The Americans pushed forward to the top of the ridge and soon the British showed a flag of truce. Only a few escaped, nearly the whole of Ferguson's army being killed or captured. The backwoodsmen had dealt the British a blow that changed the face of affairs in the

southern states and caused Cornwallis to retrace his steps into the Carolinas.

The army of backwoodsmen quickly made their way back over the mountains and returned to their homes. By a great deed of valor they had sent cheer and comfort to all the patriots along the coast who were fighting the British armies.

On their return, the Watauga and Holston settlements found themselves threatened by the Cherokees, who sent out many small war-parties, being strongly encouraged by the British. The settlers along the Holston in Tennessee and Virginia resolved to send a strong body of men to punish the Indians. In December, 1780, seven hundred men gathered under Colonels Arthur Campbell and Sevier.

Sevier, with between two hundred and three hundred men, was first at the meeting place on the French Broad River. Not finding Campbell and hearing that a body of Cherokee warriors had exchanged shots with some of his scouts, he crossed the river and rode rapidly toward them. On December 16 his scouts brought word that they had located the Indians. Sevier ordered his scouts at once to go forward and attack the Indians, then to retreat rapidly, while he with the main body of whites would follow, spreading out so as to form an ambush and surround the Indians. This plan worked well; the scouts, after shooting at the Indians, turned and fled, and the Indians rushed

forward. Soon Sevier's concealed men rose and poured in a volley upon them, killing and scattering them. On one side the whites were slow in coming up and many of the Indians escaped into a swamp. But Sevier's men took thirteen scalps and much plunder, including weapons. His force was much larger than that of the Indians and not one of his men was injured.

Returning to the French Broad, Sevier joined Campbell and the army of seven hundred men marched against the Cherokee tribes along the Little Tennessee. The Indians were not strong enough to meet so large an army as this and kept at a distance. The whites destroyed the chief town of Chota and other towns along the river and supplied themselves with plenty of provisions. Some small bands of Indians were scattered and many horses were captured. The army then passed on and destroyed the Hiawasse towns, killing or capturing a number of Indians. Everywhere they found in the captured Indian towns papers showing that the Indians had been playing a double game, pretending to be friends to the white settlers on the Tennessee, and all the while promising the British to attack and plunder them.

In this campaign the army destroyed a thousand Indian cabins, fifty thousand bushels of corn, killed twenty-nine warriors, and captured seventeen women and children who could be exchanged for white captives.

In spite of the success of this expedition, the war with the Cherokees went on and the tribes of the southeast sent bands to assist their friends farther west. Sevier resolved to punish these far-away Indians, the Erati. In March he collected a company of 150 hardy riders and marched swiftly down through the pathless gorges of the Great Smoky Mountains. For 150 miles he led his men through the roughest mountain country, where even these sure-footed ponies could scarcely travel. The Indians, safe in their far-away mountain retreats, had not dreamed of attack. Suddenly Sevier fell upon their chief town, killed thirty warriors, and took many women and children prisoners. He captured several other towns and villages, secured two hundred horses, and destroyed a large quantity of provisions. The Indians had plenty of warriors to destroy his little army but he left no time for them to collect. Retreating swiftly with his horses and plunder, he was soon far away among the mountains on his homeward way. This was one of the most remarkable and successful raids ever made against the fierce tribes of the South. Sevier had but one man killed and another wounded.

On his return home, he was soon called to make another swift assault upon the Cherokees, across the French Broad River. He moved with one hundred horsemen, fell upon a war-party, killed a dozen of them, and scattered the rest.

The Indians had suffered so much from this series of

swift and powerful blows from Sevier and his horsemen, that they finally begged for peace and in the middle of the summer peace was made with them on the Holston River.

It is not strange that Sevier commanded the unbounded confidence of his own men and filled his savage enemies with fear and dread. He was the most successful Indian fighter in the Southwest. He and his men moved with such swiftness, mounted upon their tough ponies, they came with such suddenness upon their enemies, they kept their movements so secret, that they outwitted and puzzled the warriors. Sevier even excelled the Indians in their own tactics. He employed the most skilful scouts, men who understood the woods and trails as well as the Indians did. Thus Sevier kept himself well informed of the numbers and whereabouts of the Indians, and he usually managed to attack them suddenly and with superior numbers, so that he was always successful. In battle he was cool and fearless and led his men with skill. In sudden attack or surprise he carried everything before him.

His great popularity with his men was due also to the fact that he was hospitable and generous in true southern fashion, and he was always tactful and polite in manner. Even the Indians had a great admiration for him and he treated them with kindness and liberality when they visited his home.

The settlers had now grown so numerous and well established along the upper Tennessee River, that there was no longer any danger of their being driven out by the Indians. The rugged pioneers kept swarming into these valleys during the years of the Revolution, and at its close it has been estimated that there were twenty-five thousand people west of the mountains, in Tennessee, Kentucky, and the Virginia settlements of the upper Tennessee. These warlike settlers had not only fought off the Indians in many bloody campaigns and come off the victors, but they had given very important aid to the thirteen colonies in defeating the British at King's Mountain and by aiding Clark at Vincennes and Kaskaskia.

CHAPTER VIII

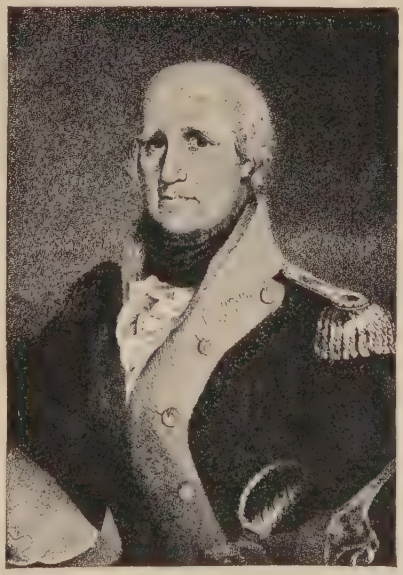
GEORGE ROGERS CLARK[1]

More than a hundred years ago, George Rogers Clark, a young man from Virginia who had settled in Kentucky, formed the plan of driving the English out of Indiana and Illinois, and by making friends of the Indians, of bringing over the whole of this region to the side of the Americans. Clark had been among the people of Kentucky a year or two, was a skilful hunter and woodsman, and had become a bold leader of war-parties against the Indians. He was only twenty-five years old, but he decided to undertake the raising of an army of Virginians and Kentuckians to go in boats down the Ohio, capture Vincennes and Kaskaskia from the British, and then force the Indians to be friends of the Americans. Clark had no money to hire soldiers or to keep up an army, and the men, unless well paid, would be unwilling to go into so dangerous an undertaking.

It was during the Revolutionary War and the Eng-

[1] Authorities: American Commonwealths, "Indiana"; Roosevelt's "The Winning of the West."

lish, assisted by the Indian tribes, had strong forts at Vincennes, in Indiana, at Kaskaskia, Illinois, and at Detroit, Michigan. At these places the Indians received guns and ammunition, and were encouraged by the British to make war, under white leaders, upon the Americans who were settled in Kentucky, — against men, women, and children. For it was the practice of the Indians in attacking the settlers in Kentucky, to kill or capture men, women, and children. If they were not tomahawked or scalped, they were carried away to the Indian villages north of the Ohio River and made slaves.



General G. R. Clark

Clark decided to go back over the mountains to Virginia to see Patrick Henry and his council. Kentucky at this time belonged to Virginia. He travelled on horseback through the woods and over the mountains, starting October 1, 1777. He was a month in reaching his home, having travelled 620 miles through the roughest country. Meet-

ing the governor, he persuaded him that the proposed plan was a good one and was promised help. He was given $6000 in paper money and each man who should join his army was promised three hundred acres of land. Clark was made a colonel of militia and given permission to raise an army of seven companies of fifty men each.

Clark now returned over the mountains toward Pittsburg. He was well known along the Monongahela River and began to raise recruits for his army from the settlers and backwoodsmen of this district. At Red Stone Old Fort (Brownsville) on the Monongahela, about fifty miles above Pittsburg, he embarked his men on flatboats, called "broadhorns," and floated down to Pittsburg. Here his supply of powder and provisions was put on board. A number of hardy settlers and their families joined him to form a settlement near the falls of the Ohio. At Wheeling more supplies were taken on and at the mouth of the Kanawha a company of recruits joined him. With boats, men, and supplies Clark proceeded to an island just above the falls of the Ohio. Here he cleared a place for a palisade and blockhouse and established the settlers with their families. Some additional men joined him here and he spent part of the time drilling his little army. The men were not in uniform but wore the hunting-shirt, leggings, and moccasins of the backwoodsmen. They

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were armed with the long, heavy, flintlock rifles, and carried hatchets and long knives in their belts.

Clark felt that the time had now come for him to explain to the men his full plan. He called them together and told them for the first time that he proposed to capture Vincennes and Kaskaskia. At this some were frightened and a few from Tennessee decided to return home, but Clark refused to let them go. At night, however, they escaped the guard, waded to the Kentucky shore, and took to the woods. In the morning Clark sent some of his more trusty men after them but recaptured only a few.

With the rest of the men, 153 in number, Clark now made ready to set out for the capture of Kaskaskia and Vincennes. He saw that it was a very dangerous undertaking but for that reason he liked it all the more. Getting into the boats, the party plunged through the rapids, and putting the men to the oars, they hastened night and day till they reached an island at the mouth of the Tennessee River. Landing here, Clark met a small party of American hunters who had recently come from Kaskaskia. They told him that the fort was strong and in good repair, the soldiers of the garrison well trained, and that the commander was watching the Mississippi River for any hostile force that might come up to capture the place. The French fur-traders

and boatmen upon the river were on the watch to give the commander notice of any war party.

Clark, however, did not intend to go up the river, but to march across the country and capture the fort by surprise. The hunters thought this would be possible. They joined him eagerly and promised to guide him by the shortest route to the fort. Clark determined to march at once against Kaskaskia. Taking their new allies for guides, the little army of less than two hundred men started north across the wilderness, scouts being scattered well ahead of them, both to kill game and to see that their march was not discovered by any straggling Frenchman or Indian. The first fifty miles led through a tangled and pathless forest, the toil of travelling being great. After that, the work was less difficult, as they got out among the prairies. But on these great level meadows they had to take extra care to avoid being seen. Once the chief guide lost his way and the whole party was thrown into confusion. Clark was very angry but in a couple of hours the guide found his bearings and led them straight on their course. Clark, with his army, moved along so quickly and quietly that no one was expecting them.

On the evening of the 4th of July they reached the river Kaskaskia, within three miles of the town, which lay on the farther bank. They kept in the woods

till after it grew dusk and then marched silently to the little farm on the hither side. The family were taken prisoners and from them Clark learned that some days before the townspeople had been alarmed at the rumor of a possible attack, but they were now off their guard. There were a great many men in the town, chiefly French, the Indians having for the most part left. The commander had under him two or three times as many men as Clark had and he would certainly make a good fight, if not taken by surprise. It was Clark's boldness and the speed of his movements which gave him a chance of success, with the odds so heavily against him.

Getting boats, Clark ferried his men across the stream under cover of the darkness and in silence. He then approached Kaskaskia in the night, dividing his force into two divisions, one being spread out to surround the town so that none might escape, while he himself led the other up to the walls of the fort. Inside the fort the lights were lit and through the windows came the sound of violins. The officers of the fort had given a ball and the mirth-loving French, young men and girls, were dancing and revelling within, while the sentinels had left their posts. One of the captives showed Clark a postern gate by the riverside and through this he entered the fort, having placed his men at the entrance.

Advancing to the great hall where the dance was held, he leaned silently with folded arms against the door-post, looking at the dancers. An Indian, lying on the floor of the entry, gazed intently on the stranger's face as the light from the torches within flickered across it, and suddenly sprang to his feet, uttering the unearthly war-whoop. Instantly the dancing ceased, while the men ran toward the door. But Clark, standing unmoved and with unchanged face, bade them grimly to go on with their dancing but to remember that they now danced under Virginia and not under Great Britain. At the same time his men burst into the fort and seized the officers, including the commander, Rocheblanc.

Immediately Clark had every street secured and sent runners through the town, ordering the people to keep close to their houses on pain of death. Before daybreak he had them all disarmed. The French of the town were greatly frightened. The unlooked-for and mysterious approach of the backwoodsmen, their sudden attack, their wild and uncouth appearance, combined to fill the Frenchmen with fear. They believed also that the Kentuckians were harsh and cruel men. Clark did not want to injure the French but wished, rather, to make fast friends of them. The next morning he called together their chief men from the village and told them that he desired in no way to injure them, but to treat them

as brothers and give them all the rights of Americans. The French were so delighted with this speech that they passed at once from despair to the greatest joy, scattered flowers through the streets, sang, and danced. The other French settlements along the river in Illinois heard with pleasure of this good treatment and became at once the firm friends of Clark. The French were Catholics. When Gibault, the priest, asked Clark whether the Catholic church might be opened, the reply was that, as a commander, he had nothing to do with the churches except to protect them from insult, and that by the laws of the Republic the Catholic church had as great privileges as any other.

But though he had captured the fort and made friends of the French, Clark was still surrounded by the most serious dangers. There were in Illinois, Indiana, and other surrounding states many tribes of warlike Indians who had long been bitterly hostile to the Kentuckians. Their chiefs and warriors gathered now from far and near to see what had happened at Kaskaskia, and when they saw Clark's little army they began to show small respect for him or fear of his power. His own army was not only small, but, as their time of service came to an end, many of the men wished to return home. They were naturally independent and wilful and he had not the means with which to hire them for longer ser-

vice. Virginia was hundreds of miles away across the mountains and was fully occupied with the War of the Revolution, so that Clark could expect no help from that quarter. The British at Vincennes and Detroit had much larger forces and supplies than Clark and they had the strong support of all the western tribes of Indians. Clark had not attacked Vincennes on his way down the Ohio, because he feared it would be too strong for him.

Clark now set himself to the task of overcoming these difficulties. Everything depended upon his having a brave little army of trained backwoodsmen with which to fight if necessary. He had four excellent captains and he now persuaded one hundred of his men, by gifts and promises, to stay with him eight months longer. The others, about fifty in number, he allowed to return to their homes. The French now learned from Clark that he was about to return to the falls of the Ohio and leave Kaskaskia to the British. This frightened the French so that they begged him to stay. This was what Clark desired. He finally, and with apparent reluctance, decided to remain but required strong promises of support from the French, and enlisted a large number of young Frenchmen in his army and distributed them among his well-trained backwoodsmen. He then drilled this new army daily, till they became thoroughly trained. In this way he kept his army as large and strong as at first.

The British still held a strong fort at Vincennes on the Wabash. Clark now wished to capture this place, but did not know how strong it was, nor how many British soldiers defended it. The people living in the village near the Vincennes fort were French.

Clark told the French at Kaskaskia that he was about to march with his little army to destroy the fort and village at Vincennes because they belonged to and were friendly to the English. But the French at Kaskaskia, who had friends and kinsmen at Vincennes, begged him not to do so. For if he would wait, two of their best men, with other Frenchmen, would go to Vincennes and persuade the French people of the village to desert the English. Clark agreed to this and the two men, with Gibault, the priest, and others, set out in a boat for Vincennes. When they arrived they found only a few English soldiers at the fort and soon persuaded the French inhabitants to join Clark. They also went to the fort and compelled the men to pull down the English flag and to put up the American. As soon as this news reached Clark he appointed Captain Helm, one of his men, and a few French volunteers to take possession of the fort and hold it.

The Indians along the Wabash were so much astonished at the sudden change that they began to think of joining Clark. Tabac was an Indian chief living on the

river below Vincennes. Because his tribe controlled the mouth of the river, he was called "The Door of the Wabash." Clark sent word to him to join the British or the Americans as he pleased. After thinking it over a few days, Tabac decided to join the "Long Knives," as he called the Kentuckians. After this the other tribes along the Wabash and around Vincennes were pacified by Helm and Clark.

"Clark now took upon himself the greater task of dealing with the huge horde of savages, representing every tribe between the Great Lakes and the Mississippi, who had come to Illinois, some from a distance of five hundred miles. They wished to learn just what had happened and to hear for themselves all that the 'Long Knives' had to say. They gathered to meet him at Cahokia (north of Kaskaskia), chiefs and warriors of every grade, Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Sacs and Foxes, and other tribes. The straggling streets of the little town were thronged with hundreds of dark-browed, sullen-looking savages. They strutted to and fro in their dirty finery, or lounged about the houses, inquisitive and insolent, hardly concealing their thirst for bloodshed and plunder."

Fortunately, Clark knew exactly how to treat them. He was always on his guard, while seemingly very cool and confident. But on the third night a crowd of reck-

less warriors tried to force a way into the house where he was lodging and to carry him off as a prisoner. Clark had been suspicious of their purpose and was on the lookout. His guards were at hand and promptly seized the savages. The townspeople also took the alarm and were in arms in a couple of minutes in favor of Clark. He instantly ordered the French militia to put the captives, both chiefs and warriors, in irons. His boldness was completely successful. The crestfallen prisoners humbly begged his pardon and said they were only trying to see whether the French were really the friends of Clark. They then desired to be released. Up to this time Clark had treated the Indians with great kindness, but now he refused to grant their request and treated them with scorn and indifference, even when the chiefs of the other tribes asked him to let them go free. While the whole town was in confusion, Clark seemed wholly undisturbed and did not even shift his lodgings to the fort for safety. But he secretly filled a large room, next to his own, with armed men, and the guards were kept ready for instant action. To make his pretended indifference more complete, he assembled a company of ladies and gentlemen, who danced nearly the whole night. The savages were much perplexed and held several councils among themselves during the night.

"Next morning Clark called all the tribes to a grand council. He then released the captive chiefs, that he might speak to them in the presence of their friends and allies. After all the ceremonies of Indian etiquette had been finished, Clark stood up in the ring of squatted warriors, while his riflemen, in travel-worn hunting-shirts, clustered behind him. Taking the bloody war-belt of wampum, he handed it to the chiefs whom he had taken captive, telling the assembled tribes that he cared neither for their treachery nor enmity. He had a right to put them to death, but instead of this he would escort them outside the town and after three days begin war upon them. Pointing to the war-belt, he challenged them to see which could make it the more bloody. Now that he had finished talking to them he wished them to depart at once." All the Indian chiefs, including the prisoners, replied in turn that they wished for peace and were sorry that they had ever sided against him.

"Clark then rose again and told them that he came not as a counsellor, but as a warrior; not begging for peace, but carrying in his right hand, peace; in his left hand, war. To those who were friendly he would be a friend, but if they chose war, he would call from the thirteen council fires (thirteen colonies) warriors so numerous that they would darken the land. At the end of his speech he offered them the two belts of war and

peace. They eagerly took the peace belt. But Clark declined to smoke the calumet (peace-pipe) or to release all his prisoners, and insisted that two of them should be put to death. The Indians even consented to this and two of their young men were surrendered to him. Advancing, they sat down before him on the floor, covering their heads with blankets to receive the tomahawk. Then Clark at last granted them full pardon and peace, and forgave the young men their doom. The next day after the peace council there was a feast and the friendship of the Indians was fully won. Clark ever after had great influence with them. They admired his personal prowess, his oratory, his address as a treaty maker, and the skill with which he led his troops. Long afterward, when the United States authorities were trying to make treaties with the Indians, it was noticed that the latter never would speak to any other white general while Clark was present."

Clark had now settled his affairs with the Indians but a still greater difficulty awaited him. General Hamilton, the English commander at Detroit, knew well how small Clark's army was. He was a man of great energy and immediately began to prepare an expedition to recapture Vincennes and drive Clark out of Illinois. French spies and agents were sent out by the English at Detroit to stir up the Indians in Illinois, Indiana, and

the northwest. Hamilton himself was to command the main army against Vincennes. "Throughout September every soul in Detroit was busy from morning till night, mending boats, baking biscuits, packing provisions in kegs and bags, collecting artillery stores, and in every way preparing for the expedition. Fifteen large boats were procured, each able to carry from eighteen hundred to three thousand pounds. These were to be loaded with the ammunition, food, clothing, tents, and especially with presents for the Indians. Cattle and wheels were sent ahead to the most important portages on the route. A six-pound gun was also forwarded." Before starting, feasts were given to the Indian tribes, at which oxen were roasted whole (barbecued), while Hamilton and the chiefs of the French sang the war-song in solemn council, and received the pledges of armed assistance and support from the savages.

On October 7 the expedition left Detroit. Hamilton started with 177 whites (British regulars, Canadian French, and Detroit militia) and 60 Indians. About 260 Indians joined him on the way, so that upon reaching Vincennes his army was 500 strong. In sailing the boats across Lake Erie to reach the mouth of the Maumee River, they were overtaken by darkness and a strong gale and were almost swamped. The waters of the Maumee were low and the boats were poled slowly

up against the current, reaching the portage, where there was an Indian village, October 24. Here a nine-mile portage was made to one of the sources of the Wabash. This stream was so low that the boats could not have gone down it, had it not been for a beaver dam, four miles below the landing-place, which backed up the current. "A passage was cut through the beaver dam to let the boats through. The traders and Indians thoroughly appreciated the help given them at this difficult point by the beavers (for Hamilton was following the regular route of traders, hunters, and war-parties), and none of the beavers of this dam were ever killed or molested. They were left to repair the dam, which they always speedily did whenever it was damaged."

The Wabash was shallow in many places and swampy in others. Frost set in and the ice cut the men as they hauled the boats over the shoals. The boats often needed to be beached and calked, while both whites and Indians had to help to carry the loads round the shallow places. At every Indian village it was necessary to stop, hold a conference, and give presents. At one of these villages the Wabash chiefs who had made peace with Clark came and joined Hamilton. Some of Helm's scouts from Fort Vincennes were also captured. War-parties were sent out to surround Vincennes and cut off any messengers that might be sent to Clark or to Kentucky. When

Hamilton finally reached Vincennes, all the French deserted Clark and joined the English, so that Helm was left with only two or three Americans and they were forced to surrender.

Hamilton's spies now brought him word that Clark had but 110 men in Illinois, while Hamilton had 500. Had he pushed forward at once to attack Clark, he might have captured his force. Hamilton did not fear that Clark, with so small an army, would try to recapture Vincennes. He allowed the Indians to scatter to their homes for the winter and the Detroit militia to return to Detroit. Eighty or ninety white soldiers and about as many Indians were kept at the fort. In the spring he expected to begin the war again on a large scale with a thousand men and with light cannon for battering down the stockades. He expected not only to defeat Clark in Illinois, but to drive the Americans out of Kentucky.

Clark, on the other hand, could expect no reënforcements from Kentucky or Virginia, nor any further aid from the French in Illinois. In the spring Hamilton was certain to have an army so strong that he could not resist it. For a long time Clark could not get exact information of what had happened at Vincennes, nor of the condition of things there. But at last news came from a French friend of Clark who had been at Vincennes.

He was a trader, named Vigo, from St. Louis. Having gone to Vincennes, he was at first imprisoned by Hamilton, but afterward was released and returned to tell Clark the news. He said there were eighty white men, besides Indians, with Hamilton in the fort, with three pieces of cannon and swivels. There was also at the fort plenty of ammunition and provisions. It was now the last of January and early in the spring other British soldiers, from Canada, besides a thousand Indians, would join Hamilton. Clark at once decided to march with his 170 men and attack Vincennes before spring opened. He first, however, sent out a large row-galley with small cannon and forty men. It was to go up the Ohio and Wabash and be ready to assist the soldiers who were to march across southern Illinois by land.

With his 170 Kentuckians and French he set out from Kaskaskia on the seventh day of February. The route by which they had to go was 240 miles in length. It lay through a beautiful and well-watered country of groves and prairie, but at that season the march was one of hardships and fatigue. There were no roads, no houses for shelter. There were no paths through the prairies and swamps, no bridges over the swollen streams. The weather had grown mild, so that at first there was no suffering from the cold; but it rained and the melting ice caused great freshets, and all the lowlands and

meadows were flooded. "Clark's great object was to keep his troops in good spirits. Of course he and his officers shared every hardship and led in every labor. He encouraged the men to hunt game and to feast on it like the Indian, each company in turn inviting the other to the smoking and plentiful banquet. One day they saw a great herd of buffaloes and killed many. They had no tents, but at nightfall they kindled large camp-fires and spent the evening merrily around the piles of blazing logs, in hunter fashion, feasting on beans, ham, and buffalo hump, elk saddle, venison haunch, and the breast of the wild turkey, some singing of the chase and of war, others dancing after the manner of the French trappers and wood runners. Thus they marched hard but gleefully and in good spirits until, after a week, they came to the drowned lands of the Little Wabash. The channels of its two branches were a league apart, but the flood was so high that they now formed one great river five miles wide, the overflow of water being three feet deep in the shallowest part of the plains between and alongside the main channels. Clark instantly started to build a pirogue, or boat, out of the trunk of a large tree. Then crossing over the first channel, he put up a scaffold upon the edge of the flooded plain. He ferried his men over and brought the baggage across and placed it upon the scaffold; then he swam the pack-horses over, loaded them

as they stood in the water beside the scaffold, and marched his men on." They crossed the second channel in the same manner.

The next day the army came to a branch of the Wabash so flooded that they could not cross. Having found a dry place to camp, they waited till morning and marched down to where this branch joined the Wabash. They were now ten miles from Vincennes, seven of them being the valley of the Wabash, covered to a depth of three or more feet with water. They were entirely out of provisions and the boat was not expected for several days. Four men were sent out to see whether they could not find boats opposite Vincennes but they could not get to the Wabash. Rafts were then made and four other men were sent to search for boats, but they found nothing, after wading in the water all day and night. One little boat was found by another party and two men were sent with it to search for the big boat that was coming up the river. For two days now the men had been working hard, with nothing to eat, and the Frenchmen began to talk of going home. To keep the men busy, Clark set them at work making canoes on the bank. At noon they saw a party of Frenchmen from Vincennes coming down the river in a boat and called to them. They came ashore, told Clark that Hamilton knew nothing of the little army, and that the French people at the village

were friendly to Clark. They said also there were two canoes adrift on the river above. One of these Clark secured. This day one of the men killed a deer and brought it in and this gave a bite to eat for each of the 170 men.

They now had boats enough to ferry the army across the main channel and they thus crossed the stream the next day. The men walked three miles through the water, in places up to their necks. It rained all day and they camped on a little hill that night without food. The next day they marched three miles farther on through the water with nothing to eat. That night the weather turned cold and the wet clothing of the men froze on them. The next morning the men were nearly tired out. There were still four miles of water to wade through, breast deep. Clark encouraged his men to follow and plunged first into the water. It was covered with thin ice but the men gave a shout and followed him.

"Clark's tact and resources were never more remarkably displayed than here. As he had managed the Indians, so now he knew just how to manage the Creoles. He laughed at the hardships; he played the buffoon, blacking his face and breaking in upon the disconsolate crowd with horse-play. Mounting 'a little antic drummer,' a valuable ally with his pranks in the strait, on the shoulders of a tall sergeant, the sergeant dashed into the

depths where the little fellow would have found no bottom. Meantime the drum rattled on merrily, and Clark, striking up a song or a cheer, plunged after, making light of everything. But behind the forced lightness there was a stern hand. Twenty-five picked men formed a rear-guard with orders to slay any one that faltered." [1]

At last they reached the edge of the woods where they thought the water stopped, but the dry land was farther on. Some of the men gave out, too weak to walk. The canoes ran back and forth and helped the weak to reach land. As they touched the solid ground many fell down, hardly able to stand any longer. But the day was bright, fire was kindled in the woods, their clothes were dried, and, luckier still, some squaws and children came along in a boat with a quarter of buffalo, some corn, tallow, and kettles. These were captured, and "after eating some broth" the men felt better. Warmed, dried, and refreshed, they began to jest over the hardships they had just passed through.

But the fort and the village were not yet captured and Clark's little army was so small that if his enemies knew how few soldiers he had, it would be harder to take the place. Clark decided to seize first the French village near the fort and to make the people think his army much larger than it really was. In the afternoon he cap-

[1] "A Short History of the Mississippi Valley" by Hosmer.

tured a Frenchman who was out shooting ducks. This man was sent back to the French village with word that Clark with his army was about to storm the place, and for the people in the village to keep quiet unless they wished to be severely punished. "As the army advanced among trees and over ridges, a shrewd ruse made the number appear larger than it really was. The little flags given the French recruits at Kaskaskia when they enlisted were paraded as ensigns of companies; the ranks marched and countermarched so as to be counted three or four times over; while Clark and his captains, mounted on horses they had seized, galloped hither and thither as if ordering a vast array."[1] Hamilton knew nothing of Clark's army till the village was taken and the Kentuckians began to fire on the fort.

Clark threw up an intrenchment across the road in front of the main gate at the fort, and that night the British in the fort and the Americans in the town kept up a constant firing of guns without doing much damage. In the morning, early, Clark demanded the surrender of the fort but Hamilton refused. While they were waiting for an answer Clark's men cooked and ate their breakfast, the first complete meal they had had for several days. Then the firing began again. The fort was surrounded on all sides and not a man could show his face or

[1] Hosmer.

hand without great danger. The Americans were fine riflemen and could hit a silver dollar at a distance of one hundred yards. They remained behind houses, earthworks, and logs near the fort, and kept up so constant a firing of guns that several British soldiers were killed. The British could not use their cannon, because every time a port-hole opened bullets flew into it too fast.

Clark again sent a summons to Hamilton to surrender, suggesting that in case he had to storm the fort, he would treat those captured as murderers. Hamilton replied that British soldiers would do nothing dishonorable. The attack upon the fort was then hotly renewed. In the afternoon, Hamilton raised a flag of truce and later met at the church in the village Colonel Clark, who upbraided him for his cruelty in sending out the savage Indians to massacre men, women, and children. While Clark and Hamilton were warmly disputing at the church, a scalping-party of Indians, which had been sent out by Hamilton against Kentucky, returned to Vincennes with their plunder and scalps. They were captured by Clark's men, brought up in sight of the fort, then nine of them were killed and their bodies thrown into the river. Clark finally drew up conditions which Hamilton accepted, and the next morning the British flag was hauled down and the fort with its arms and supplies turned over to Clark. The British marched out as prisoners of war. Hamilton and his

officers were sent to Virginia as prisoners. The name of the fort was changed to Patrick Henry.

Having heard that a relief force with supplies was coming down the river from Detroit, Clark sent Captain Helm with more than fifty men to meet them. He succeeded in capturing the whole party of more than forty of the British, and $50,000 worth of supplies which were distributed as prize-money among his men.

The Indian tribes of Illinois and Indiana now came to Clark and made peace. From this time on Vincennes and Kaskaskia remained in the hands of the Americans. In the Peace of Paris, which closed the Revolutionary War, the English acknowledged the right of the thirteen colonies to the great Northwest which Clark had conquered.

In 1779 Clark returned and settled at the falls of the Ohio. He received a vote of thanks from Virginia and enjoyed an immense respect and popularity among the pioneers, the French, and the western Indians.

CHAPTER IX

MARIETTA AND CINCINNATI: FORTS AND SETTLEMENTS[1]

Marietta

The pioneers who formed the first settlement at Marietta, Ohio, were Yankees from Massachusetts. In 1785 Generals Tupper and Rufus Putnam, both of Massachusetts, began to organize a company for the purpose of buying land and forming settlements in Ohio. The Ohio Company was formed in 1787 and five and one-half million acres of land, north of the Ohio, and east of the Scioto, River, were bought of Congress. The directors of the Ohio Company had a meeting in Boston in November, 1787, and elected Rufus Putnam superintendent of their colony. At the same meeting, a number of workmen, including carpenters, boat-builders, and blacksmiths, were employed to make preparations for a journey to the Ohio valley. Tools, wagons, and horses were procured and in December the mechanics and others met at Danvers, Massachusetts, from which village they soon started for the far West. They took the long, dreary way over the

[1] Authorities: Centennial History and American Commonwealths, "Ohio"; F. S. Drake's "Indian History for Young Folks."

Alleghanies and by the old Indian path over Braddock's road, and after nearly eight weeks' journeying, reached the Yough, a branch of the Monongahela, at a point called Simrall's Ferry. The weather grew so cold that they could go no farther and the colony remained upon the Yough till the returning spring. General Putnam, with a smaller party of leading men and surveyors, left Hartford in January and pressed forward to the same meeting-place.

"And now the stalwart New England boat-builders plied their sharp axes, keen saws, and sounding hammers in building the *Mayflower*, which was to carry these new pilgrims to a new world. This boat was the largest that had ever gone down the Ohio. Its length was forty-five feet and its width twelve feet. The *Mayflower* was strongly built, with sides proof against the bullets of the savages. She was placed in command of Captain Duval, a brave leader, who helped build the first ship launched on the Ohio River." On the afternoon of the second day of April, 1788, the *Mayflower* was unfastened from her moorings at Simrall's Ferry, and, with a flat-boat and several small canoes, floated down the Yough to the waters of the Monongahela and onward to the Ohio. Having passed Fort Pitt on the 7th of April, the settlers reached the mouth of the Muskingum and landed on the east bank, about four hundred yards above,

nearly opposite Fort Harmar. The little company that landed at this time numbered forty-eight souls. On the first of July, nearly three months later, eighty-four more settlers arrived from the East. "They had been nine weeks upon the way, toiling in the tedious journey through a rough frontier wilderness, with their wagons, cattle, and stock of every kind. Eight weeks of travel, with a regular encampment each night, brought them to Wheeling, about eighty miles above Marietta, on the Ohio. Here they procured a large Kentucky flatboat, into which the colonists were crowded with their goods, and after two days' floating upon the current they landed beside the *Mayflower*, at the mouth of the Muskingum."

While the first settlers were building their houses, they used the *Mayflower*, which had a roof, as a floating home and as a protection from the weather. Only two days after the arrival of the second colony they met to celebrate the Fourth of July and an oration was spoken by Judge Varnum. The cannon on the boat ushered in the day. Many of the settlers were Revolutionary soldiers and officers who had come West with their families to improve their fortunes. They were men of education and refinement and carried these advantages into the West. They employed a pious young minister to come out the following summer, who was not only to preach to the older people but to teach the children. This man,

A Flatboat

the Rev. Daniel Story, from Worcester, Massachusetts, labored for many years among the settlers.

Early in July, Governor St. Clair, who had been appointed by Congress and the judges of the court, came out to the new settlement. A public meeting of the citizens was called, when the governor made an address to the people and explained to them the new government. The county of Washington was organized west of the Muskingum, with Marietta as the county seat. The year before the settlement, in 1787, Congress had passed certain laws in regard to the Northwest Territory, which were known as the "Ordinances of 1787." They were in substance as follows: No person should be molested on account of his worship or religion. Good faith was to be kept with the Indians. Their lands were not to be taken from them unlawfully. There were to be no slaves in the new territory; but slaves escaping from Kentucky, Virginia, and other slave states should be returned to their masters. On the ninth day of September the laws of the colony were read and posted on the trunk of a tree.

On the opposite side of the river was Fort Harmar. The following is a description of the fort as it was in 1788: —

"The fort stood very near the point on the western side of the Muskingum, and upon the second terrace above ordinary flood water. It was a regular pentagon

in shape, with bastions on each side, and its walls enclosed but little more than three-quarters of an acre. The main walls of defence, called curtains, were each 120 feet long, and about twelve or fourteen feet high. They were constructed of logs laid horizontally. The bastions were of the same height as the other walls, but unlike them were formed of palings or timbers set upright into the ground. Large two-story log buildings were built in the bastions to accommodate the officers and their families, and the barracks for the troops were erected along the curtains, the roofs sloping toward the centre of the enclosure. They were divided into four rooms, of thirty feet each, supplied with fireplaces, and large enough for a regiment of men to live in. From the roof of the barracks, looking toward the Ohio River, there rose a watch tower surmounted by the flag of the United States."

As the colony on the other side of the river was not secure against Indian attacks, it was resolved to change the blockhouse into a regular stockade or fortified section. Under General Putnam the work was begun, and completed the next year. The walls of the main building formed a square of 180 feet on each side. Each corner was protected later, in 1791, by a strong projecting blockhouse twenty feet square in the lower story, and twenty-four in the upper. Each

blockhouse was surmounted by a tower or sentry box, bullet-proof, and the curtains or sides of the square were protected by a range of sharpened pickets, inclining outward. The whole was surrounded by a strong palisade ten feet high and securely planted in the ground, beyond which there was a range of abatis.

The buildings were made of timber four inches thick and neatly dovetailed at the corners, two stories high, and covered with good shingle roofs. The rooms were large and provided with good fireplaces and brick chimneys. A guarded gateway stood on the west and south, and over the gateway facing the Muskingum, on the south, was a large room surmounted by a belfry in which was hung the church-going bell. The whole range of buildings was well supplied with portholes for firing. Such was the outline of the first regular station in the Northwest, known as the Campus Martius. Its bastions and tower, all whitewashed and glittering in the sun, reminded one of some ancient castle.

In the meantime the plan of a regular town was laid off on the banks of the Ohio, above the mouth of the Muskingum. Streets and squares were marked off and the town was called *Marietta*, in honor of Marie Antoinette, queen of France. During the summer and autumn the settlements in Washington County were increased by the arrival of new emigrants from beyond

the mountains, as well as from Pennsylvania and western Virginia.

In the spring other settlements were established at Bellepre and Newbury, lower down the Ohio River. Stockades were also built in these places for protection against the Indians.

Both the Muskingum and the Ohio, at Marietta, are bordered with high bluffs, which leave only a narrow

Drifting past Marietta

strip of level land along the rivers. This part of Ohio is very hilly, almost mountainous; and the settlers found later that the valleys farther down the river were better for farming than the valley of the Muskingum.

Cincinnati

Soon after the purchase by the Ohio Company of land along the Muskingum, Judge John Symmes of New Jersey bought of the government six hundred thousand acres (at sixty cents an acre), between the Great and Little Miami rivers. Symmes published a

pamphlet, announcing his purchase on the Miami and stating the terms on which the lands would be sold to settlers. He collected a company of thirty colonists and these, conveyed by eight wagons, each drawn by four horses, proceeded from New Jersey across the mountains and arrived at Maysville, Kentucky, in November, 1788.

Major Stites, meanwhile, had purchased ten thousand acres of Symmes and was waiting at Maysville, with a company of settlers. On the 16th of November Major Stites, with a company of twenty-six, four of whom were women, and two boys, took a boat and descended the river. They landed a little after sunrise on the morning of the 18th of November, below the mouth of the Miami River, at a spot that is now within the limits of Cincinnati. After making fast the boat, they ascended the steep bank and cleared away the underbrush in the midst of a pawpaw thicket, where the women and children sat down. They next placed sentinels at a short distance from the thicket, and, having first united in a song of praise to Almighty God, upon their knees they offered thanks for the past and prayer for future protection. This little colony contained some of the most intelligent and enterprising men who settled in this whole region. A few log houses were erected for dwellings, a blockhouse for protection against Indian hostil-

ity, and such other outbuildings as were necessary to a permanent settlement. Major Stites then proceeded to lay off a town in the woods. The land at this point was so fertile that from nine acres were raised 960 bushels of Indian corn. The Indians came to the settlers and were roughly treated at first by some of them, but they were very submissive, desired to trade, and held out the right hand of peace. In a few days this good will ripened into friendship, the hunters frequently taking shelter at night in the Indian camps. The red men and squaws spent whole days and nights at the settlement, sometimes regaling themselves with whiskey. This friendship of the Indians was owing to the kindness of Symmes himself. In the preceding autumn, while exploring the country about the Great Miami, he had prevented some Kentuckians, who were with him, from injuring a band of savages who came within their power.

In January, 1789, there was a great flood in the Ohio valley. Only one house escaped the deluge. The soldiers were driven from the ground floor of the blockhouse into the loft and from the loft into the only boat that was left them. Muskingum was also damaged by the same great flood.

About six weeks after this first settlement, Israel Ludlow and Robert Patterson led a colony of twenty persons to a point five miles lower down the Ohio and opposite

the mouth of the Licking. "They landed at a little cove, now Sycamore Street, Cincinnati. Three log houses were built and other preparations made for receiving families in the spring. The site was a beautiful wooded first bottom, on the immediate bank of the Ohio, about sixty feet above low-water mark, and stretched away upward of three hundred yards from the river, where a second bank, or terrace, rose gently forty feet higher. The second bottom extended back to the base of the bluffs, more than half a mile from the shore. The whole was covered with a heavy forest. On the lower bottom were chiefly sycamore, sugar maple, and black walnut. On the upper terrace were chiefly beech, oak, and walnut. The courses of streets were marked upon the trees of the lower bottom, while the corners of lots were shown by stakes driven in the ground. This settlement did not grow rapidly the first year. It was a dangerous point, immediately on the line of the old Indian war-path between Ohio and Kentucky, and settlers were not anxious to make it their home." But in the fall of 1789 the United States government decided to build a fort and station troops here. The spot selected for it was opposite the mouth of the Licking, within the town site of Cincinnati. A company of seventy soldiers arrived from Fort Harmar to begin the work. In January, 1790, the governor wrote: "This will be one of the most solid, substantial wooden fortresses,

when finished, of any in the western territory. It is built of hewn timber, a perfect square, and two stories high, with four blockhouses at the angles." It was named Fort Washington. About the last of December, General Harmar arrived with three hundred regular troops, and Fort Washington shortly afterward became the headquarters of the northwestern army and the residence of the governor (St. Clair).

EARLY CINCINNATI (From an old print.)

Other settlements had been made along the river and soon the county of Hamilton was formed, with Cincinnati as county seat. It began now to be a place of considerable importance and soon grew to be the centre of fashion and culture in the West, and attracted many persons of intelligence and enterprise. Frame houses began to

appear and during the summer of 1789 forty log cabins were added as the dwellings of as many families.

In the two years immediately after the first settlers arrived at Muskingum, settlements had multiplied. In Washington county there were 447 men enrolled in the militia and in all 2500 people. In Hamilton county there were about as many men and 2000 people in all. Besides these there were the regular troops at Fort Washington and Fort Harmar.

The Indians in Ohio from the first had been, for the most part, unfriendly. They disliked seeing the white men taking up the fine valleys of the Ohio. They lurked about the settlements, stealing, and watching the building of forts. They began to waylay travellers and small parties, even near the large settlements. A number of whites had been murdered. All male settlers were obliged to carry arms when about their work in the fields, while sentinels were posted in the fields, on a stump or hill, to give notice of approaching danger. Such was the dread of an Indian ambush that people dared not leave the enclosure.

In January, 1791, the Indians prepared to destroy the settlement at Big Bottom on the Muskingum. This place had been occupied a few months before, against the advice of the more experienced, by a party of young men who had been delighted with the beauty of the lands. The

whole company consisted of about twenty-five persons, including several women with their children. They had built a blockhouse and several log cabins and seemed to enjoy perfect security from the Indians. On the second day of January, a party of twenty-five Indians advanced to the brow of the hill overlooking the Muskingum valley. Here they concealed themselves, patiently watching the movements of the little colony during the day, until after the evening twilight, when, descending, they advanced to the assault. Directed by the fires within, they divided into parties to attack several houses at the same time. The whites in the blockhouse were sitting around the supper table, by the cheerful firelight, and their guns were standing in the corner of the room. The houses being surrounded by the Indians, one large Mohawk gently pushed open the door, while his comrades fired at the men at the table, who dropped one after another. A woman seized an axe and made a desperate blow at the Mohawk who held the door and inflicted upon him a terrible wound. She was immediately slain by a tomahawk, with the other inmates. Another cabin was entered at the same time by another party of Indians, who bound the inmates and made them prisoners. The occupants of a third cabin, being alarmed by the report of the guns at the blockhouse, escaped into the woods and concealed themselves from the enemy. The Indians,

failing to find them, plundered the houses of everything valuable and then set fire to them. They secured the prisoners and then feasted by the light of the burning houses. The whole number killed in this settlement was fourteen, of whom eleven were young men, besides one woman and two children. Five persons, four men and one boy, were taken as captives to Detroit. Within a few days all the settlements on the Muskingum beyond the guns of Fort Harmar were broken up, and those who did not make a speedy escape were killed or taken prisoner.

About the same time attacks were made upon the settlements in other places, especially about Cincinnati. Colerain, a large station seventeen miles north of Fort Washington, was attacked. Three hundred warriors appeared before the place and demanded its surrender. The demand was promptly refused, and the attack at once began and was kept up with spirit for twenty-four hours. Captain Kingsbury, with eighteen regular troops and fourteen others, led the defence. The women supplied the riflemen with bullets and when the lead was all gone, they melted their pewter plates and spoons into bullets. Suddenly the Indians, fearing reënforcements from the garrison at Fort Washington, retreated; and an hour later Captain Freeman, with sixty-three soldiers from Cincinnati, came to the assistance of the station.

The emigrants from the East, while coming down the Ohio in boats to the settlements in Kentucky and Ohio, were often attacked, from the shore or from canoes, by Indians. Captain William Hubbel was descending the river to Kentucky in a flatboat, with twenty persons, nine men, besides women and children. The Indians were on the lookout for them, and one morning early one of them from the shore tried to draw them near the bank by asking to be taken on board. But the emigrants kept away and soon saw several boat-loads of Indians approaching them. The whites threw everything overboard that could hinder them, such as tables, chairs, etc., so as to clear the deck, and then hid themselves behind boxes, trunks, and railings, with guns ready to fire. The Indians surrounded the flatboat on both sides, at stern and prow, and raked every part of the deck. Two of the white men were badly wounded in the beginning and Captain Hubbel was soon shot through the right arm. But as the Indians came up close to the boat and tried to jump on deck, he rushed forward with two pistols, and having emptied them into the foremost of the Indians, he seized a stick of firewood, and wounding one of the Indians severely, drove the others back into their boat. All but four of the white men were now severely wounded but they drove back the Indians a second time. Unfortunately the boat now drifted to

within twenty yards of the shore, and the Indians came running down the bank. Two men, the only two unhurt, took the oars; they were hidden from view, and protected by the side of the boat and by blankets in the stern. For twenty minutes they were exposed to a heavy fire. Suddenly and providentially the boat was carried by the current to the middle of the stream, out of the reach of the enemies' fire. The little band of men, women, and children, now out of danger, forgot their fatigue and wounds and gave three hearty cheers for their deliverance. Out of nine men three were killed and four severely wounded. The women and children were all uninjured except one little boy, who, after the battle, came to the captain and asked him to take a ball out of his head. A bullet had gone through the side of the boat and lodged under the skin of his forehead. When this was removed the brave little fellow said, "That is not all, Captain," and raising his arm, exhibited a piece of bone at the point of his elbow, which had been shot off and hung by the skin. His mother, who knew nothing of all this, now exclaimed: "Why did you not tell us of this?" "Because," he replied, "the captain ordered us to be silent during the fight, and I thought you would make a noise if I told you of it."

The Indians were not willing to see their old homes and hunting-grounds in Ohio taken possession of by the

whites, and they became more and more displeased with the building of forts and stockades at Cincinnati, Marietta, and at other stations north of the Ohio. Governor St. Clair tried, by all means, to make peace with them, and held councils with them upon the upper Muskingum; but the Indian chiefs refused to meet him and were encouraged by the English at Detroit to remain hostile. When it was found that the Indians were determined upon war, General Harmar, with fourteen hundred men, marched north into the valley of the Maumee. The Indian towns along the upper part of that river were destroyed by General Harmar, but in marching against the Indians his army was twice surprised, defeated, and driven back.

The next year Governor St. Clair himself, with about two thousand men, marched north against the Indians. His army had reached the upper Wabash and was encamped near a stream with thick woods, bushes, and fallen trees all about the camp. One morning before sunrise, Little Turtle surrounded this camp with his Indians, and as the men were getting breakfast, rushed with yells upon them. The militia were frightened and fled. The regulars stood firm but the Indians from behind the trees and logs rapidly shot down the soldiers. Several times the troops charged upon the concealed Indians but could drive them back only a short distance into the woods,

where they kept up their firing. After several hours of fighting, the army began a retreat, which was soon turned into flight. The Indians rushed after, yelling and scalping. Nearly nine hundred white men were killed on the battle-ground. "St. Clair, who behaved gallantly, had three horses shot under him. Eight balls passed through his coat and hat. Many gallant officers were slain." The whole country was in mourning over this defeat, while the Indians grew bolder than ever.

General Anthony Wayne was now appointed to get together an army to punish the Indians. In 1794 he marched cautiously northward from the Ohio and built Fort Recovery on the battle-ground of St. Clair's defeat. Here Little Turtle, with his Indians, attacked him and was badly defeated. Two months later, "on the morning of the 20th of August, he encountered the Indian lines nearly two miles back from the Maumee River near the rapids, behind thickets of trees prostrated by a tornado, so that the engagement that followed was called the battle of the 'Fallen Timber.' His front line of militia received a hot fire and fell back. The charge was then sounded. The second and third lines advanced, the dragoons on the right penetrating the fastness by a narrow passage at the river, and turning, sword in hand, upon the flank. The front line broke through the brushwood; the Indians gave way before the troops on the

left came up, and in an hour were driven more than two miles." The power of the Indians was now broken; their fields and villages were wasted and burnt. Peace was finally made and even Detroit was surrendered to the United States. The whole Northwest had been secured to the Americans.

CHAPTER X

LINCOLN'S EARLY LIFE IN KENTUCKY, INDIANA, AND ILLINOIS[1]

In 1781 or 1782 the grandfather of Abraham Lincoln moved from Virginia to Kentucky. Settling in the forest about twenty miles east of Louisville, he cleared a small farm and built a log house. One morning in 1786, with his three sons, he was at work in the edge of the clearing, making fence. While they were thus occupied some Indians crept up behind the bushes near by and shot the father. Mordecai at once ran to the house and obtained a gun. Pointing it through a loop-hole, he aimed at an Indian who was about to lift up Thomas, his youngest brother, a boy of seven. The Indian fell back at the shot and Thomas ran to the house. Josiah, the other brother, had fled to a fort a few miles away to bring help. From the loft of the house Mordecai kept firing at the Indians and held them back till Josiah returned with help from the fort, when all the Indians fled.

[1] Authority: "Life of Lincoln" (Hay and Nicolay) in the *Century Magazine*.

Thomas, afterward the father of Abraham Lincoln, learned the trade of carpenter. In 1806 he married Nancy Hanks, whose family had also come from Virginia. She could read and write and taught her husband to write his own name. They settled upon a little farm about seventy-five miles south of Louisville. The cabin was on the branch of a small creek. In this cabin, about three miles from Hodginsville, in 1809, was born Abraham Lincoln. Until he was eight years old, he lived a lonesome life, playing in the woods, with no toys or playthings at home. With his sister, Sarah, he went to school long enough to learn his letters and a little more. His home was very poor and his mother worked hard.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE

When Abraham was eight years old, his father decided to leave Kentucky and to move into southern Indiana, because he had heard of the rich unoccupied land there. He built a rude boat and put on board a kit of tools and some barrels of whiskey. On the way down the river his flatboat ran aground and his goods sank in the water, but he saved the tools and part of the

whiskey. Having landed on the north side, he made a day's journey into the forest and selected a good spot for a farm. It was necessary to walk back to Kentucky to get his family. All of their clothing, bedding, and furniture, including pans and kettles, was packed upon the backs of two borrowed horses. After crossing the Ohio River into Indiana, they borrowed a wagon also, and then, by cutting a way through the trees and bushes, reached their new home, a mile and a half east of Gentryville. Thomas Lincoln, the father, with his kit of tools was expected to build them a house and with his rifle to supply them with food from the forest. They built at first a shed of poles, open at one side, in which they lived for a year. In the meantime ground for corn and for a cabin was cleared of the trees. Soon after a cabin was begun, which was occupied before it was completed, before windows, doors, and a floor were put in. There were no chairs except three-legged stools. The walls of the hut were built up of rough logs, notched and lapping over one another at the corners. A bed was built in one corner of the log hut. There was one bed-post, a crotched stick, upon which were laid the ends of two hickory poles, the other ends of the poles being fastened into holes in the logs of the wall. Rough slabs were laid across from these poles to the logs at the side and a bag of dried leaves was then thrown

upon the slabs. The boy slept on a bag of leaves in the loft, which he reached by climbing, not the stairs, but a ladder of wooden pegs driven into the logs of the wall.

The first summer Thomas raised corn enough for his family and as the deer were abundant about the salt licks not far from his cabin, he was able, usually, to kill a fine deer after waiting an hour or two. The meat of a deer would last the family a week, and the skin, when tanned, supplied clothing and shoes. The house was poorly furnished; the floor was the hard earth, while a few pots and kettles used at the fireplace, and a table which was a big log standing on four wooden pegs, completed the outfit. There was no door but the entrance was hung with bearskins to keep out the cold. The country was so new that the cabins of the settlers were far apart and the damp woods surrounded the little clearings in all directions. There was plenty of game, such as deer, squirrels, and bears. When Lincoln was only eight years old he shot a wild turkey, which he carried home with great pleasure.

In the fall of the year 1818, a fatal disease, called the milk-sickness, broke out among the settlers. Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, an uncle and aunt of Lincoln, with their children, had joined them from Kentucky. They were both taken sick and died. No physicians and no good

medicines were to be had. Mrs. Lincoln soon became ill and in a few days died. Thomas Lincoln made wooden coffins for the dead and they were quietly buried in a little clearing in the forest. Little Abraham was grieved that his mother should be so buried without any religious service. At this time he wrote his first letter, asking a Mr. Elkin, a minister, to come to Indiana to preach his mother's funeral sermon. Several months afterward the preacher came and the service was held. This winter after his mother's death was very dreary. About a year afterward, Thomas Lincoln married a Mrs. Johnston of Kentucky, who astonished Abraham and his sister by bringing with her, when she came, some good furniture for the cabin and some warm bedclothing. It took a four-horse wagon to bring her furniture and goods from Kentucky. She caused her husband, also, to put down a floor and to make windows and a door. She came in winter time and treated the poor children so well and made the house so warm and comfortable that they were much happier. A son and two daughters came with her, who now became little Abraham's brother and sisters. She treated him so kindly and he learned to love her so much, that long afterward she said, "He never gave me a cross word, and never refused to do anything I requested of him."

Abraham had gone to school a few weeks in Kentucky

and now he went again, in Indiana. One of his teachers was Andrew Crawford, who taught him not only reading, writing, and arithmetic, but *manners* too, — how to bow and how to introduce a person. He was a good speller and took delight in writing compositions. His first essays were against cruelty to animals. He was angry at seeing the other boys tormenting turtles, putting live coals on their backs to make them crawl. The last school he attended was four and one-half miles from home and this distance he walked twice a day.

He was now seventeen and very tall and strong. With low shoes, a linsey-woolsey shirt, buckskin breeches, and a coonskin cap, he was a rough-looking backwoods boy, and so tall that his trousers had grown several inches too short. . His father set him to work upon the farm, grubbing up roots and stumps, ploughing, mowing and cradling, chopping wood, splitting rails, frequently working barefooted. When not needed on his father's farm, he often worked for the neighbors as a hired hand. When sixteen years old he worked for a while on a ferry-boat that crossed the Ohio River. In the fall, when the hogs were to be killed, he was in demand because of his great strength, getting thirty-one cents a day for his work. He could carry six hundred pounds and lift a barrel of whiskey, but people complained that he was too temperate. He was so good-natured, full

of stories, and so kind in helping the women about the house, that he was much liked as a farm hand. He was ready to chop wood, bring in water, make a fire, or take care of the baby. Once he saved the life of a town drunkard, whom he found freezing by the roadside, by carrying him in his arms to the tavern.

LINCOLN WRITING BY THE FIRE

At his home there was but one room in the cabin, for a large family in which there were seven children, including brothers, sisters, and cousins. Abraham was the

big brother, to whom they all looked up for help. He took no great delight in farm work but did his tasks in a satisfactory manner. When the day's work was done, he turned with pleasure to his books and ciphering. So great was his strength that he was not wearied with the farm work and could spend the evenings in study. When no paper was to be had, he ciphered on a board or wooden shovel and then shaved off the figures. Few books were to be had, but such as could be found he read again and again, such as Æsop's "Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a history of the United States, and the life of Washington. From borrowed books he would fill his copy-book with choice extracts and then often commit them to memory. Sometimes he wrote essays, poems, and speeches, and after attending a meeting he would sometimes mount a stump and repeat what he had heard for the entertainment of the other boys.

Mr. Jones, the storekeeper at Gentryville, took a liking to Lincoln, talked with him about politics, and sometimes employed him in his store. Lincoln now began to wish to see something of the world beyond his backwoods home and turned his attention to the boats on the river. But he was not yet of age and his father needed him on the farm. When he was nineteen years old, Mr. Gentry of Gentryville employed him to work

the front oars of a flatboat which was loaded with bacon, to be sold at New Orleans and other cities on the Mississippi. Lincoln and a son of Mr. Gentry made this trip of eighteen hundred miles together successfully. Passing down the Ohio and Mississippi, they stopped at some of the large cities on the river. One night they had anchored at a sugar plantation a few miles below Baton Rouge. The young men had gone to sleep in the cabin, when they were awakened by the noise of footsteps and saw a gang of negroes boarding the boat, for the purpose of robbing it. Abraham seized a club, knocked some of them overboard, and chased the others away. Pleased with their victory, the two young men jumped ashore, pursued the negroes a short distance in the dark, and returned, bleeding with a few wounds, to the boat. Loosening it, they then floated down the river during the night. Having sold the cargo, they returned on a steamboat, up the river, to Indiana.

When Lincoln was twenty years old, his father decided to move to Illinois. The farm and house were sold and the family, with goods and furniture, were packed in a wagon drawn by four oxen. They set out in February, when the roads were thawing and the streams flooded. After tramping fifteen days through the muddy forest roads, a distance of two hundred miles, they settled on a farm by the Sangamon River, ten miles west

of Decatur. Here the men put up a log cabin, also a smoke-house for drying and smoking meat, and a stable. Abraham was now about twenty-one years old, and, before leaving home, he, with the help of John Hanks, ploughed fifteen acres of land and split enough rails from the tall walnut trees to fence it. After getting the family well settled, he started out to work for his own living. He was at this time a very rough-looking person, tall, angular, and ungainly, with trousers of flax and tow, cut tight at the ankles. He was so poor that he bargained to split rails to get enough jeans to make him a pair of trousers. The next year Lincoln and his cousin, John Hanks, agreed to take a cargo of goods down the Mississippi again. They were to receive, each, fifty cents a day, and twenty dollars each, on their return. They met their employer at Springfield, but he had no boat ready. Then the young men cut down trees on the bank of the Sangamon and built a flat-boat. When completed, they loaded it with corn and pork and started down the Sangamon. Just below New Salem the boat stuck fast on a dam. Lincoln waded about the boat till he made a contrivance for unloading and lifting it over the dam; afterward he patented a machine for lifting boats over shallow places. They then passed down the Sangamon, the Illinois, and the Mississippi, to New Orleans. It was on

one of these trips to New Orleans that he was asked by two gentlemen to ferry them across the river and received for this service one dollar. It was the first dollar in money that he ever received and greatly pleased him. In New Orleans he saw negroes chained, whipped, and sold as slaves, and was indignant. Lincoln returned to St. Louis and then walked home. Soon after this he became clerk in a store at New Salem, working as a salesman for a year.

In 1831 Lincoln went to New Salem, a town on the Sangamon River, to become the clerk of Mr. Offutt in the village store. After waiting a while for the goods to arrive, the store was opened and Lincoln began to serve the customers. In figuring up the account of a woman who had bought something at the store, he found that she had paid him six and a quarter cents too much. After closing the store that evening he walked several miles to the woman's home to pay her back. He was good-natured and obliging in his manner and in no way inclined to pick a quarrel. But one day, while ladies were in the store, a country bully came in and began to use very loud and profane language. Lincoln asked him to cease and was at once challenged to a fight in the street. They went out and Lincoln quickly threw down the ruffian, and then, pulling up some of the smartweed in the road, rubbed

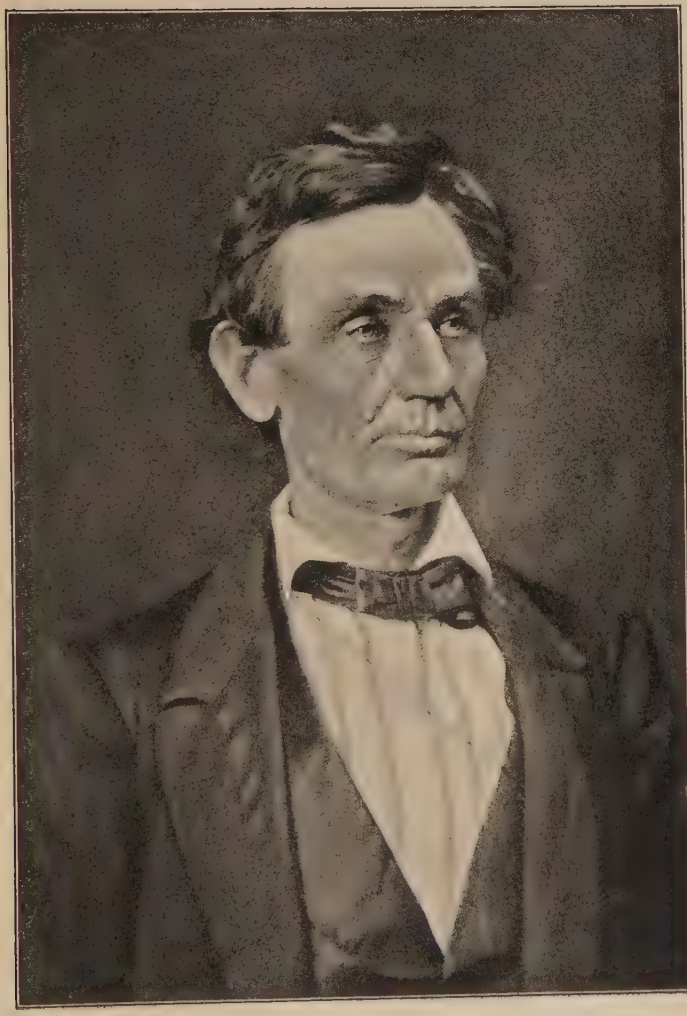
his face and eyes with it till he howled for relief. Lincoln then treated him kindly and brought some water to bathe his smarting face.

There was a crowd of rough and reckless young men who came almost every week to New Salem to carouse. They were accustomed, also, to challenge any newcomer in the village to a wrestle or fight, and were often very brutal to those for whom they were too strong. Mr. Offutt was very talkative and often foolishly boasted of Lincoln's strength and skill as a wrestler. At first the rough "Clary's Grove boys," as they were called, did not disturb him, but they were annoyed to hear the boasting about Lincoln's strength, and after a good deal of bantering, the strongest of the bullies challenged him to a wrestling match. Lincoln disliked it all but could not well refuse. Jack Armstrong, his opponent, soon found that he was not a match for Lincoln and was then aided by his friends, who began to close in and to kick and annoy Lincoln, so that he came near falling. Somewhat provoked at this, he seized Armstrong with all his strength and almost choked the breath from him. The others, then seeing that Lincoln was fully aroused and, with his back to the wall, was fearlessly facing the crowd, decided to withdraw and avoid a fight. These men now became his fast friends and greatly admired his strength

and pluck. His reputation for strength and good humor was now established and he was often called in as a peacemaker to decide the disputes of others.

It was also during his year's clerkship in Mr. Offutt's store that he decided to study grammar. After some inquiries, he heard of a grammar that could be secured if he would walk several miles after it. Having obtained this prize, he was so industrious in his study of it that he soon found himself master of all it contained.

Mr. Offutt's store at New Salem was kept open only about a year. At the close of that time the Black Hawk Indian war broke out in northern Illinois, when that chief invaded the state with his warriors. Governor Reynolds of Illinois at once called for volunteers and Lincoln was one of the first to answer the call. When the company met for the first time they had no captain and at once proceeded to make a choice. About three-fourths of the men walked to where Lincoln stood, much to his delight, and thus selected him as captain. His company then joined other companies to form a regiment and marched northwest to the Mississippi River and up the Rock River to Dixon. Lincoln remained with the army till the war closed, although many of his companions returned home as soon as their term of enlistment expired. Lincoln was considered the strongest man in the army and only one was equal to him in wrestling. Black Hawk's band was



Abraham Lincoln

finally scattered and he was taken prisoner. When released from service Lincoln was in southern Wisconsin. He and a friend at once set out on foot to return home, as their horses had been stolen a short time before. Other soldiers who were travelling the same way lent them their horses at times. Having reached Peoria, they bought a skiff and began the rest of the journey down the river. The second day they overtook a lumber raft guided down the stream by two men. They were invited to join them and feasted on "fish, corn-bread, eggs, butter, and coffee." They ate heartily, not having had so good a warm meal for several days. Having reached Havana, they crossed the country on foot to their homes.

CHAPTER XI

THE SIOUX MASSACRE IN MINNESOTA

The Sioux Indians, who once occupied nearly the whole of what is now Minnesota, had sold most of their lands to the whites and were living on two reservations along the upper Minnesota River. Missionaries and government agents, who taught and tried to civilize them, lived among them. Some of the Indians had thrown away their tomahawks and were raising corn and wheat on the reservations. But most of them, called blanket Indians, would not be civilized and followed the chase as of old. The government of the United States furnished them with provisions and clothing, besides money. In the summer of 1862 the money due the Indians had long been delayed, and the Indians, who were at heart enemies of the whites, decided secretly to kill all the white people in the Minnesota valley and to drive the others beyond the Mississippi. Just at this time the great war between the North and the South had called away most of the young men and soldiers from Minnesota, and the Indians thought it was a good time for them to attack the whites.

There were several towns along the Minnesota River,

like Henderson, St. Peter, Mankato, and New Ulm, and farmers had settled up the country along both sides of the river as far as the Indian reservations. These farming people did not know that the Indians were about to fall upon them. At Fort Ridgeley, on the north side of

Sioux War Party

the Minnesota River, fourteen miles below the lower agency, about thirty soldiers were stationed, and there were also some women and children.

On the 3d of August, 1862, a large number of Indians appeared before the place, apparently as friends. "I was

looking toward the agency," says one of the men at the fort, "and saw a large body of men coming up. They were mounted, and knowing now that they must be Indians, I was surprised at seeing so many, as they were unexpected. Returning to the garrison to inquire what it meant, I found Sergeant Jones at the entrance, with a mounted howitzer charged with shell and canister shot, pointed toward the Indians, who were removed but a shot distance from the guard-house. I asked the sergeant if any danger was feared. He replied, 'No, but it is a good rule for a soldier to be always ready for any emergency.'" The Indians were all warriors, ninety-six in number, all carried arms, guns, and tomahawks, with ammunition pouches hanging from their shoulders. They asked permission to dance within the enclosure surrounding the fort but this was refused. They then arranged for a dance outside, about sixty yards from the guard-house. The guard that day consisted of three soldiers. One was walking leisurely to and fro in front of the guard-house; the other two were off duty, passing about and taking their rest. All were entirely without fear of danger from the Indians. But there was one man who believed there was always danger surrounding a garrison when visited by savages. It was Sergeant Jones. From the time he took his position at the gun, he never left it. He not only remained at the gun himself but kept two

other men, whom he had trained, as assistants, to work the piece. This faithful soldier stood at his gun all night, ready to fire, if occasion required, at any moment during that time. Nor could he be persuaded to leave the gun till all this party of Indians had entirely disappeared. After the dance, the Indians encamped on a piece of rising ground about a quarter of a mile from the fort. The next morning at ten o'clock they all went away.

Sergeant Jones was told, not many days afterward, that these Indians had come to surprise and massacre the garrison. They had been selected for that purpose by Little Crow, chief of the Sioux. In the midst of the dance they were to seize their weapons and murder every person at the fort, and then seize all the guns and ammunition. But all the time during the dance and during the night, they saw that big gun pointed at them. About two weeks after this time, these Indians attacked Fort Ridgeley and tried to capture it.

On the 18th of August the Indians all along the upper Minnesota fell upon the settlers and murdered them. At the upper agency they did not begin till evening. John Otherday, a friendly Indian, brought news in the evening that the Indians had risen against the whites. In the evening the stores at the upper agency were attacked by the Indians and plundered, after the clerks had been killed or frightened away. At one of the stores Peter

Patoil was shot, just outside of the store, the bullet entering at the back, passing through the lungs, and coming out in front. An Indian came to him after he fell, turned him over, and saying, "He is dead," left him. The Indians now turned to plundering the stores and Patoil crawled off into the bushes on the banks of the Yellow Medicine. Here he stayed till dark. After dark he got up and started for a place of safety. Going up the bluffs, he dragged himself a mile and a half to the mouth of the Yellow Medicine, waded across the Minnesota River, and going into a house, lay down in an empty bed and slept till the next morning. Here some friendly Indians found him, supplied him with crackers, tripe, and onions, and hid him during the day in a neighboring ravine. They gave him a blanket, also, and sent him to the northeast, across the prairies. That night he slept on the prairie. After wandering for several days, without anything more to eat, he entered an empty house and found some raw potatoes and green corn. On the twelfth day of his wanderings he heard the barking of dogs and was overjoyed at seeing white men. By these friends he was taken to St. Cloud, forty miles away, where his wounds were dressed.

We now return to the warehouse at Yellow Medicine, which we left to follow the fortunes of young Patoil. After Otherday had come in with the news of the out-

break, the white families were all gathered together in the warehouse and dwelling of the agent, a part of the same building. With the guns they had, they prepared themselves as best they could, and awaited the attack, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. There were gathered here sixty-two persons, — men, women, and children. Otherday and several other Indians came to them and told them that they would stand by them to the last. These men visited the Indian councils several times during the night. About one or two o'clock in the morning Mr. Garvie, from one of the stores, reached the warehouse, badly wounded. By daylight the whites had been deserted by all the friendly Indians save Otherday. The yells of the savages could be distinctly heard at the trading post half a mile away. They were absorbed in the work of plunder. The chances of escape for the whites were sadly against them, yet they decided to make the attempt. Otherday knew every foot of the country over which they must pass and would be their guide. The wagons were driven to the door; a bed was placed upon one of them for Mr. Garvie. The women and children provided a few loaves of bread and just at dawn they started on their perilous way. They crossed the Minnesota and soon turned into the woods on Hawk River, crossed that stream at some distance above its mouth, and ascended from the narrow valley through

which it runs to the prairie beyond. They followed the Minnesota, keeping back on the prairie, until they reached a farm about eight miles below the Yellow Medicine. Here they stopped, undecided as to where they should go. Some of them wished to go to Fort Ridgeley, others to some town farther from the frontier. Otherday told them if they attempted to go to the fort, all would be killed, as the Indians would be lying in ambush on that road. They followed his counsel and turned to the left, across the prairie, in the direction of Kandiyohi Lakes and Glencoe. At night one of the party mounted a horse and rode forward and found a house about a mile ahead. They hastened forward and reached it in time to avoid a furious storm. They were kindly received by the only person about the premises, a man whose family was away. On Wednesday morning they left the house of the friendly settler and that night reached Cedar City, eleven miles from Hutchinson, in the county of McLeod. The inhabitants had deserted the town and had gone to an island in Cedar Lake. From the mainland the island was reached through shallow water. Through this water our escaping party drove and were cordially welcomed by the people assembled there. That night it rained, and all were drenched to the skin. Poor Mr. Garvie was laid under a rude shed on his bed and all was done for him that man could do. A day or two afterward he died.

On Thursday they went on by way of Glencoe to Carver, and thence to Shakopee and St. Paul. Major Galbraith, the Indian agent, said: "Led by the noble Otherday, they struck out on the naked prairie, literally placing their lives in this faithful creature's hands, and guided by him and him alone. After intense suffering and privation, they reached Shakopee on Friday, August 22, Otherday never having left them for an instant; and this Otherday is a full-blooded Indian, and was not long since one of the wildest and fiercest of his race."

Rev. Mr. Riggs, the missionary at Hazelwood, above the lower agency, was told by two friendly Indians of the outbreak. His family, with others, got up a team, and the friendly Indians went with them to an island in the Minnesota River about three miles from the mission. Here they remained till Tuesday evening. In the afternoon, Andrew Hunter, a son-in-law of Dr. Williamson, came to him and told him that the family of himself and the doctor were hidden below. That night they met on the north side of the Minnesota River and commenced their dangerous journey. A thunder-storm washed away their tracks, so that the savages could not follow them. They started out on the prairie in a northeasterly direction, and on Wednesday morning changed their course southeasterly till they reached the Lac qui Parle road, and then made directly for Fort Ridgeley. When within

a few miles of that post, just at night, they were discovered by two Indians on horseback, who rode along parallel with the train for a while and then turned and galloped away. The fugitives hastened on, expecting every moment an attack. Near the Three-mile Creek, they passed a dead body lying by the roadside. They drove on, passing the creek, and turned out upon the prairie and halted, a mile and a half from the fort. It was now late at night. They had heard firing and had seen Indians in the vicinity. They were in doubt what to do. It was at length decided that Andrew Hunter should enter the fort to find out its condition, and learn, if possible, whether they could get in. Hunter went and although the fort was well-nigh surrounded by savages, succeeded in crawling by on his hands and knees into the fort. He was told it would be impossible for so large a party, forty or more, to get through the Indian lines, and that he would better return and tell them to push on to the town below. He left as he had entered, crawling out into the prairie and returned to his friends in safety.

It seemed very cruel to be so near a place of safety and be obliged to turn away from it, and weary and hungry, press on. Perils beset their path on every hand. They knew that all around them the work of destruction was going on, for the midnight sky on every hand was red with the flames of burning houses. They heard from out

the gloom the tramp of horses' feet hurrying past them in the darkness but they still pressed on. Soon their wearied animals gave out and again they encamped for the night. With the early dawn they were upon the move, some eight miles from the fort, in the direction of Henderson. They travelled slowly and painfully, for their teams as well as themselves were nearly exhausted. That day the savages were attacking New Ulm and the sounds of the conflict were borne faintly to their ears, upon the breeze. The fugitives had flour but no means of cooking it and were much of the time without proper food. On the afternoon of this day they came to a deserted house, on the road from Fort Ridgeley to Henderson, where they found a stove, cooking utensils, and a jar of cream. Getting some corn from the field or garden near by and taking the cream, they prepared themselves the first good meal they had eaten since leaving their homes on Monday night. After refreshing themselves and their worn animals at this place for some hours, they again started on their journey. That night they slept in a forsaken house on the prairie and on the Sabbath morning early were again on the way. As they proceeded, they met some of the settlers returning to their farms, and calling a halt at a once deserted house, where they found a large number of people collected, they concluded to remain until Monday to rest themselves and teams, as well as to ob-

serve, in a proper manner, the holy Sabbath. On Monday morning they separated, part going to Henderson and part to St. Peter.

The Indians at first made a furious attack upon New Ulm, but being driven back from that place by the brave defenders, they collected in large numbers for an attack upon Fort Ridgeley. New troops had arrived and in this fort were now collected about 130 soldiers, besides those who had fled from the farms and settlements along the river. The fort was on a bluff on the northern shore, about a mile from the river. A ravine filled with bushes and trees extended along each side of the bluff. Up one of these ravines ran one of the roads which led to the fort. The fort itself consisted of a square space enclosed by houses, the barracks of soldiers, storehouses, and homes of the officers. The Indians came up unseen and hid themselves in the bushes along the ravines. They suddenly opened fire upon the soldiers and killed and wounded a few men. At the first shot, the soldiers hid themselves behind boxes and houses and watched for a chance to pick off the savage foes whenever they showed themselves. In this way they fought from three o'clock till dark, the artillery all the while shelling the ravine. Many of the Indians were killed. In the meantime some of the Indians crept up behind the haystacks and into part of the outbuildings. A few well-directed shells from

the howitzers set them on fire and as night came on, the red glare of the burning buildings and stacks lighted up the scene and revealed any lurking savage.

The Indians retired with the closing day and were seen in large numbers, on their ponies, making their way rapidly toward the agency. The danger feared by all

War Dance of the Sioux Indians

was that in the darkness the savages might creep up to the buildings and with fire arrows set on fire the dry roofs of the structures. But about midnight rain fell in torrents, making this impossible. It kept on raining till the next evening but the Indians remained away. That night a large quantity of oats in sacks, which was stored in the granary near the stable, and a quantity of cord-wood near the fort, were piled around the fort in such

a manner as to serve as a protection in case of a second attack. The water in the fort had given out, and the spring was far away, down in the ravine. They had, therefore, to dig a well, and thus secured water for a few days. The ammunition for the small arms had been nearly used up in Wednesday's battle. The men and women were now employed in making the round balls into cartridges which were much needed.

About one o'clock on Friday the Indians returned in greatly increased numbers. They seemed to come from the lower mission, down the Minnesota valley, then up the ravine, and soon surrounded the fort. On came the painted savages, yelling like so many demons, and made a most furious and desperate assault. But the brave men in the garrison knew full well that to be taken prisoners meant certain death, both to themselves and to all within the fort, and each man was at his post. The main attack was directed against that side of the works next to the river, the buildings here being frame structures and the weakest part of the fort. This side was covered by the granary, stable, and one or two old buildings, and by the sutler's store on the west side. The Indians pressed on, seemingly determined to rush at once into the works, but were met, as they reached the end of the timber and swept around up the ravine, with so deadly a fire of musketry from behind the barracks and

the windows of the quarters, and with grape and canister and shell from the big guns, that they beat a hasty retreat to the friendly shelter of the bottom, out of musket range. But the shells kept screaming through the air and burst around and among them. The Indians soon rallied and took possession of the stable and outbuildings on the south side, from which they poured terrific volleys upon the garrison. They were soon driven from these buildings by the artillery, which shelled them out, setting the buildings on fire. The flames and smoke of the burning buildings, the wild yells of the savages, the roaring of cannon, the screaming of shells, the sharp crack of rifles and muskets, presented a scene not soon forgotten. The Indians retired hastily from the burning buildings and received a shower of bullets as they fled to the valley below. With wild yells, as they circled around the woods, and from the tall grass, lying on their faces, and from the shelter of trees, they kept up the battle till night. Little Crow, who was leading them, commanded them in vain to charge on the guns. They formed once for that purpose about sundown but a shell and a round of canister sent into their midst closed the contest, and with a yell of rage and disappointment they left. The little garrison watched five days longer and then received reënforcements from St. Peter.

The settlers and their families all along the Minnesota

valley fled eastward to the towns, especially to Mankato, St. Peter, and Henderson. St. Peter had been a quiet town of 1000 people. Thousands of fugitives had come in, till it was filled to overflowing. Every private and public house, every church, schoolhouse, shed, and even saloon, was full. The throngs of people filled the streets. A line of cooking stoves was seen smoking along the highways. Vacant lots were occupied. All was clatter and rattle and din. Wagons, ponies, mules, oxen, cows, and calves were mingled with men, women, and children. The live stock from thousands of deserted farms surrounded the outskirts of the town. There were the lowing of cattle, the neighing of horses, and the crying of lost and hungry children, besides the wounded to be treated. The people feared, also, that the savages might come at any time to attack St. Peter, and if there had not been brave defenders at New Ulm and Fort Ridgeley, they would have come.

On August the 22d, 1400 soldiers arrived at St. Peter, on their march against the Indians. Now there was no longer fear of the savages, but all those helpless people and cattle had to be fed. The sick and wounded must be cared for. In St. Peter, at this time, there were 6000 or 7000 people besides the regular inhabitants and 1500 more were daily expected from New Ulm. A committee of leading men was at once formed

and an office opened for distributing food, clothing, and medicine. A bakery was built, furnishing 2000 loaves a day, and much was given from private houses. A butcher shop was made ready to supply 10,000 rations a day. A large soup-house was opened where as many as 12,000 meals were supplied daily. The live stock, too, — horses and cattle, — had to be fed and soon there was nothing green left in the streets and gardens of St. Peter.

When the war first broke out, there were but few troops in Minnesota. Many of the able-bodied men were in the South and most of the guns and ammunition had been sent away with them. But as soon as Colonel Ramsey heard of the outbreak, he appointed Colonel Sibley to organize an army and to march against the Indians. At Fort Snelling there were parts of some regiments and volunteers were quickly called in from Minnesota. The troops first marched to St. Peter, where they spent a few days, getting their guns and ammunition in order and securing provisions for the march. They then marched to Fort Ridgeley. Here the men went into camp for a time and were regularly drilled every day, while scouts were sent out to follow the movements of the savages. At length, with ten days' rations, Colonel Sibley set out and met the Indians at Wood Lake, where a severe battle was fought with the enemy under Little Crow. After two hours' fighting, the Indians retreated. Word was at once

sent to Little Crow not to kill any of the white prisoners in his hands or the Indians would be severely punished. Colonel Sibley feared that they, angered at their defeat, would murder the women and children who had been captured by them. The second day after the battle, he marched forward, with drums beating and flags flying, and pitched his camp close to the Indians. Then he called upon the Indians to deliver up their white captives and about 150 women and children came forth from the Indian tents, and were kindly received and cared for by the soldiers. They had been cruelly treated by the savages and could hardly believe that they were safe again. At the same time the Indians gave up about 250 half-breeds, who had also been kept as prisoners. The place where the captives had been recovered was named "Camp Release."

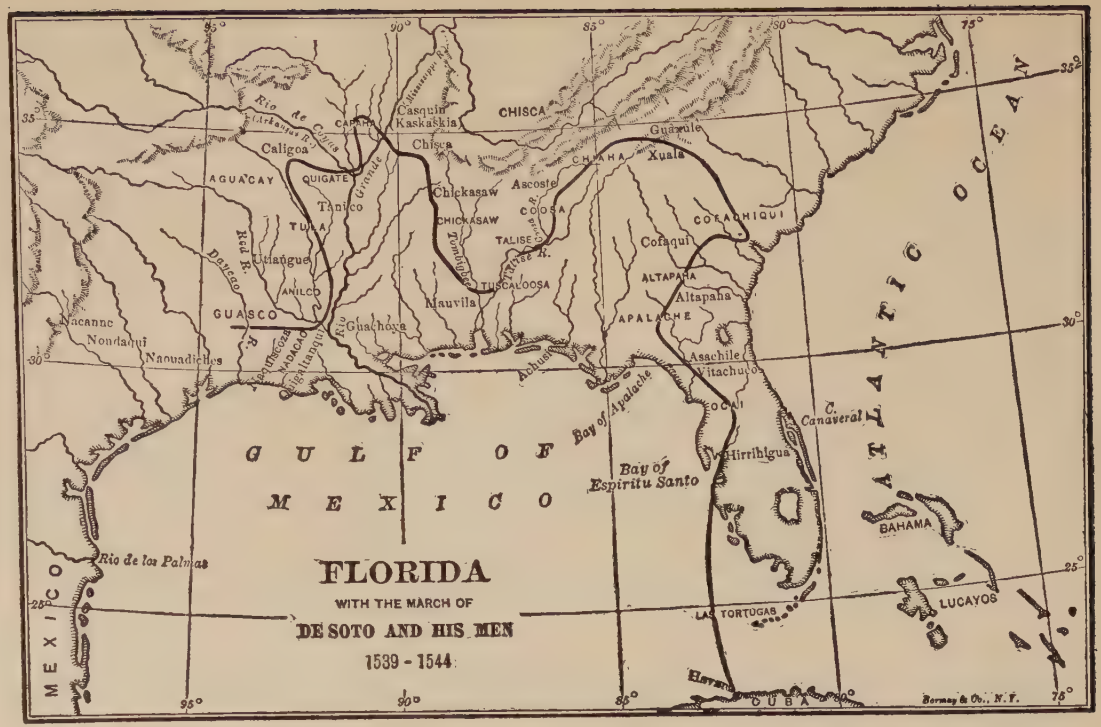
Afterward the army surrounded the camp of the Indians and 400 of the warriors were captured, chained two and two, and guarded by the troops. They were then tried and those found guilty of having murdered the whites were condemned to death. It was found that 303 had been guilty of murder but a message from President Lincoln forbade putting them to death until he had determined who were guilty. Afterward thirty-eight of the savages were hanged at Mankato and some others died in prison. After the war was over, the settlers began to return to their homes and farms along the Minnesota River.

CHAPTER XII

DE SOTO'S DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI[1]

De Soto was a rich and noble Spaniard who came to Florida in 1539, to seek for riches and gold among the Indians then living in what is now the Southern States. In those days hardly anything was known of this region, for it had been but a few years since Columbus first opened up a way to the New World. The people of Europe did not even know about the Mississippi River. But the Spaniards believed that there was great wealth of gold in the country to be had by any one brave enough to fight his way through Indians and swamps to reach it. De Soto was not only rich but much admired for his strength and courage in battle. When he had asked permission of the king of Spain to conquer Florida and all the region to the north and west of it, not only was this request granted, but many brave and noble young Spaniards joined him, to share the adventures and profits of the conquest. When De Soto, therefore, landed at Tampa Bay, on the west coast

[1] Authorities: Bancroft's "History of the United States;" Higginson's "Young Folks' Book of American Explorers."


FLORIDA
WITH THE MARCH OF
DE SOTO AND HIS MEN
1539 - 1544
GULF OF MEXICO
ATLANTIC OCEAN
MEXICO
CUBA
BAHAMA
LUCAYOS
LAS TORTUGAS
Rio de los Palmas
Bay of Espiritu Santo
Bay of Apalache
C. Canaveral
Hirrihigua
Apalache
Altapaha
Cofaqui
Cofachiqui
Xuala
Guarule
Chisca
Casquin
Caparra
Caligoa
Aguacay
Quigate
Tanico
Tula
Utiangue
Anilco
Guasco
Guachoya
Mauvila
Chickasaw
Ascosie
Coosa
Talise
Tuscaloosa
Tombigbee R.
Red R.
Daycao
Nondacao
Naouadiches
Yncanne
Nondacao
Achusi
Asachile
Vitachuco
Ocali
Hirrihigua
Rio de Canas
Arkansas R.
Mississippi R.
Rio Grande
Chiaha
Altapaha
Coosa R.
Talise R.
Tombigbee R.
Red R.
Daycao
Nondacao
Naouadiches
Yncanne
Nondacao
Achusi
Bay of Apalache
Bay of Espiritu Santo

of Florida, in May, 1539, he had a fine army of more than six hundred well-armed men, besides the sailors and others who had come with the expedition as helpers.

The Spanish soldiers were armed with guns, swords, and spears and were clad in coats of mail and supplied with shields. More than three hundred horses had been taken along for the rich young noblemen and for the cavalry. The young nobles were richly dressed and when the cavalry and infantry were in battle line, they presented a splendid appearance. Many supplies were needed for so long and dangerous an expedition into an unknown country. Blacksmiths' forges and workmen were also needed. Abundant clothing, weapons, and gifts for the Indians had to be carried. A large herd of hogs was driven along with the army to supply meat when needed, and the hogs were fed on the nuts of the forest. Eight large vessels and two smaller ones had been employed to carry all the men and the supplies from Havana, in Cuba, to Tampa Bay.

The Indians around Tampa Bay were found to be hostile, because twelve years before, Narvaez, with a small Spanish army, had landed in this place and had been very cruel to the natives. After marching a short distance inland, De Soto sent out two companies to see whether they could take any Indians. One company of fifty footmen, after passing through a country full of bogs, came upon

an Indian village. Most of the Indians fled but they took four women. They were attacked by the warriors, who are thus described by a companion of De Soto: "It is a people so warlike and so nimble, that they care not a whit for any footmen; for if their enemies charge them, they run away; and if they turn their backs they are presently upon them; and the thing they most flee is the shot of an arrow. They never stand still, but are always running and traversing from one place to another, by reason whereof neither cross-bow nor arquebuse can aim at them, and, before one cross-bowman can make one shot, an Indian will discharge three or four arrows; and he seldom misseth what he shooteth at."

Being told by some captive natives that there was gold to the north, the delighted Spaniards, leaving a small garrison at the first town, set out northward. But now the real difficulties began to appear. Florida is a very swampy country; there were no roads and even the secret paths and fords were known only to the Indians. The Indian guides led the strangers purposely into the worst bogs.

Marching to the northwest, the Spaniards, while in search of a better region, camped upon another great and widely extended swamp. The narrow and difficult paths through this swamp gave the Indians an excellent chance to attack the Spaniards and they did so constantly. But

the army, having fought its way through the swamp and forest, at last came out into the open country, where the men on horseback could fight to advantage and protect the army on its march. But at night and in crossing streams, they were constantly distressed by the natives, who would creep up and shoot their arrows into the camp or defend the fords of the rivers with ambuscades.

From the first, De Soto and his soldiers practised many cruelties upon the Indians. They took prisoners and compelled them to act as guides or servants. "These were led in chains, with iron collars about their necks." Some of the Spanish leaders had come to Florida for the special purpose of making slaves of the Indians and of carrying them to Cuba to work on their estates. They had brought bloodhounds with them to turn loose upon the runaway slaves. Some of the Indian guides who had led the Spaniards astray among the swamps had been torn to pieces by the bloodhounds. During the first winter a large number of natives were captured and were compelled to gather provisions and carry the baggage of their masters while upon the march.

Their first season's wanderings brought the Spaniards east of Flint River, not far from the head of Apalachee Bay. The Indians were always hostile. The two captives who had promised to show them large fields of gold escaped. The explorers found a Spaniard who had been

kept captive among the Indians from the time of Narvaez, but he knew nothing of gold or silver mines. The men became discouraged and wanted to go back to Cuba, but De Soto said, "I will not turn back until I have seen the poverty of the country with my own eyes."

After wintering in a town near Tallahassee the Spaniards marched toward the northeast. An Indian guide had told them he would lead them to a country where there was so much gold that the art of melting and refining it was understood. Some of the tribes and chiefs, proving friendly, permitted the army to pass through their territories and supplied the Spaniards with food. In going across the country from one tribe to another, the army was once lost in the wilderness of forests and almost starved. By sending out scouts in all directions, after several days villages were discovered, toward which De Soto and his men marched. Deep rivers had to be crossed, such as the Altamaha and its tributaries, the Ogeeche and Savannah. They were now not far from the Atlantic Ocean and some of the men felt like turning homeward. But De Soto resolutely set his face to the northwest, still hoping to find rich regions of gold. They marched across northern Georgia, through the country of the Cherokees, finding the people poor and with but little to give them except deerskins and wild hens. Scouting parties, sent out to the north, saw the

southern ridges of the Alleghanies and said they were impassable, but found no mines of gold or silver. Turning toward the southwest, they spent several weeks in the valleys of the Coosa and Alabama rivers. From Coosa, De Soto marched to the southwest, hoping to meet at Pensacola a Spanish fleet with supplies, which he had ordered to be brought thither from Cuba. In marching through the country the Spaniards admired the fine fields of maize and enjoyed the abundant wild grapes. The great kingdom of Tuscaloosa, including much of Alabama and Mississippi, now lay in their path. In October they reached the town of Mobile, the capital, situated on the Alabama River, about one hundred miles from Pensacola.

De Soto, with the vanguard of his army, had marched into this place and taken up quarters in the houses, storing the baggage and equipments within the walls. But the natives did not want the strangers in their town. They collected in large numbers, apparently as friends, when the war-whoop was suddenly raised and a fierce conflict began. The horses had been left outside and the Indians within the walls were much more numerous than the Spaniards. De Soto, at the head of his men, retreated slowly till they reached their horses outside the walls. The natives also rushed out into the plain in great numbers and fiercely attacked the Spaniards. But the latter, clad in heavy armor and on

THE SPANIARDS CHARGED FIERCELY

horseback, charged fiercely upon the throngs of savages and cut them down with sabre-strokes. The Indians were driven back into the town. Again within the walls, the battle was fiercely renewed in the streets and upon the public square. The Indians who were now protected by the houses, fought with great bravery, and killed and wounded many of the Spaniards. Seeing the battle growing desperate, De Soto, though severely wounded, stayed in the midst of his men. To drive the warriors from the houses, he set fire to the town in many places. Soon the whole place was in flames and all were compelled to flee. The Spanish, reaching the plain first, from their mounted horses cut down the fugitive Indians as they escaped from the town. The Spanish said 2500 Indians were killed, but this is probably exaggerated. Of the Spaniards 18 were killed and 150 wounded; 12 horses were slain and many others injured. A large part of the baggage of the Spaniards within the town had been completely destroyed. It was a very expensive victory for the Spaniards and they were compelled to remain here many days, recovering from the effects of the battle.

In the meantime the vessels sent for had arrived at Pensacola with supplies for the Spanish army. But De Soto had no good news of discovered gold mines or of rich kingdoms conquered, to send back to Cuba and

Spain. He resolved, therefore, to send no word to the ships at Pensacola and to receive no help. But turning his face toward the northwest, he set out again in search of rich provinces to conquer. Before winter set in he reached a town among the Chickasaws in northern Mississippi. The country was poor and the town deserted, but the army was able to collect enough corn and other food for the winter. De Soto sent kindly messages to the Indians, who had fled, and presents for the chief. He in turn sent the Spaniards corn and venison and other game but would not venture himself among the Spaniards. With the opening of spring De Soto demanded of the chief two hundred men as slaves, to carry the baggage of the army. The Indians were loath to grant this request and prepared for a secret midnight attack upon the village. The warriors had collected in great numbers and coming into the village, they deceived the sentinels and set fire to many of the huts. Then raising the war-whoop, they swarmed upon the Spaniards, who seized their arms and tried to repel the savages. Some of the Spaniards perished in the flames, so sudden was the onset. Soon both parties were driven from the burning town and a fierce battle raged in the light of the burning huts. The Spaniards at length drove off the savages after themselves suffering great loss. Many horses and men were killed. Their

clothing, arms, and supplies were burned, and even most of the swine that were left had been smothered in the flames. It was the greatest distress that had yet befallen them. De Soto was deeply disheartened. The Spaniards were now almost naked and suffered from the cold. "Had the Indians made a resolute attack, the soldiers would have been unable to resist; but in the course of a week forges were erected, swords newly tempered, and good ashen lances were made, so that when the Indians attacked them again they were prepared."

Leaving the burnt ruins of the village, the Spaniards built a camp of logs, where they spent several miserable weeks, while the wounded recovered and preparations were made to march westward and escape from this hostile neighborhood. In April they set forth and soon came to a wilderness of marshes and bayous, through which they toiled for seven days before reaching an Indian village that stood on the bank of a great stream. It was the Mississippi, more than a mile wide, very deep and muddy, and carrying upon its strong current stumps and trunks of trees. The Spaniards were the first white men to see this great stream, which now checked their march. Finding a good place on the bank of the river where there was much timber, De Soto pitched his camp here. "They began presently to cut and hew down timber and saw planks to make barges. The

De Soto's Discovery of the Mississippi

Indians came presently down the river. They leaped on shore and declared to the governor that they were subjects of a great lord whose name was Aquixo, who was lord of many towns and governed many people on the other side of the river; and came to tell him, on his behalf, that the next day he, with all his men, would come to see what it would please him to command him.

"The next day, with speed, the cacique came with two hundred canoes full of Indians, with their bows and arrows, painted, and with great plumes of white feathers and many other colors, with shields in their hands, wherewith they defended the rowers on both sides; and the men-of-war stood from the head to the stern, with their bows and arrows in their hands."

They all came within a "stone's cast" of the shore and from there said to De Soto, who with other Spaniards walked along the river's side, "that he was come thither to visit, to honor, and to obey him, because he knew he was the greatest and mightiest lord on earth." De Soto thanked him and asked him to come on shore. He made no answer but sent three canoes, with a great store of fish, and loaves made of persimmons, shaped like bricks. After De Soto had received all, "he thanked him, and prayed him again to come on shore. And because the cacique's purpose was to see if with dissimulation he might do some harm, when they saw that the governor

and his men were in readiness, they began to go from the shore, and with a great cry, the cross-bowmen which were ready, shot at them, and slew five or six of them. They retired with great order. None did leave his oar, though the next to him were slain; and, shielding themselves, they went further off. Afterward they came many times, and landed; and, when any of us came toward them they fled unto their canoes, which were pleasant to behold, for they were very great, and well made, and had their awnings, plumes, shields, and flags; and with the multitude in them they seemed to be a fair army of galleys."

At the end of a month the Spaniards had built three barges, each large enough to hold four horsemen, besides some archers and oarsmen. All were carried across the stream. "As soon as those that passed first were on land on the other side, the barges returned to the place where the governor was; and within two hours after sunrising, all the people were over. The river was almost half a league broad. If a man stood still on the other side, it could not be discerned whether he were a man or no. The river was of great depth, and of strong current. The river was always muddy. There came down the river continually many trees and timber, which the force of the water and stream brought down."

Believing that there were rich kingdoms and mineral

wealth to the northwest, De Soto spent the summer exploring the region now known as northern Arkansas and southern Missouri. Plums, grapes, mulberries, and nuts were found, and the spade-fish and other strange fish in the rivers, but neither gems nor gold, and to the north the country was found to be a wilderness but thinly settled. Turning southward in the autumn, the Spaniards crossed the Arkansas, passed through the Hot Springs region, and pitched their winter camp in a village upon the Washita. There was plenty of venison and other game, besides corn and vegetables furnished by the Indians. This third winter was spent in tolerable comfort and in the spring they followed the river to its junction with the Mississippi.

De Soto sent scouts down the river to find a way to the sea. After travelling eight days they returned and the leader said "that in that time he was not able to go above fourteen or fifteen leagues, because of the great creeks that came out of the river, and groves of canes and thick woods that were along the banks of the river, and that he had found no habitation.

"The governor fell into great dumps to see how hard it was to get to the sea, and worse because his men and horses every day diminished, being without succor to sustain themselves in the country; and with that thought he fell sick." Completely broken in his hopes, he was

attacked by a fever which increased till it was plain that his death was near. Calling his companions, he appointed Moscoso his successor, and died the next day.

"Moscoso determined to conceal his death from the Indians, because Ferdinando De Soto had made them believe that the Christians were immortal, and also because they took him to be hardy, wise, and valiant, and, if they should know that he was dead, they would be bold to set upon the Christians, though they lived peaceably by them.

"As soon as he was dead, Moscoso commanded to put him secretly in a house, where he remained three days; and removing him from thence, commanded him to be buried in the night at one of the gates of the town within the wall. And as the Indians had seen him sick, and missed him, so did they suspect what might be, and passing by the place where he was buried, seeing the earth moved, they looked and spake one to another. Moscoso, understanding of it, commanded him to be taken up by night and to cast a great deal of sand into the mantles wherein he was winded up, wherein he was carried in a canoe, and thrown into the midst of the river."

Those of his followers who were left, about three hundred in number, first marched toward the west, attempting to reach Mexico by land and still hoping to find some rich province to plunder. But the Indians were hostile and upon reaching the Red River, it was found impass-

able, so they turned their steps back to the Mississippi. They had determined to build boats, descend the Mississippi, and pass through the Gulf to Mexico. "But it was no easy task for men in their condition to build brigantines. Erecting a forge, they struck off the fetters from the slaves; and gathering every scrap of iron in the camp, they wrought it into nails. Timber was sawed by hand with a large saw, which they had always carried with them. They calked their vessels with a weed like hemp. Barrels capable of holding water were with difficulty made; to obtain supplies of provisions all the hogs and even the horses were killed and their flesh preserved by drying; and the neighboring townships of Indians were so plundered of their food that the miserable inhabitants would come about the Spaniards, begging for a few kernels of their own maize, and often died from weakness and want of food. The rising of the Mississippi assisted the launching of the seven brigantines. They were frail barks, which had no decks, and as, from the want of iron, the nails were of necessity short, they were constructed of very thin planks, so that any severe shock would have broken them to pieces. Thus provided, after a passage of seventeen days, the fugitives, on the 18th of July, reached the Gulf of Mexico." In September, after about fifty days' sail westward along the coast of the Gulf, they came to a Spanish settlement at Panuco.

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